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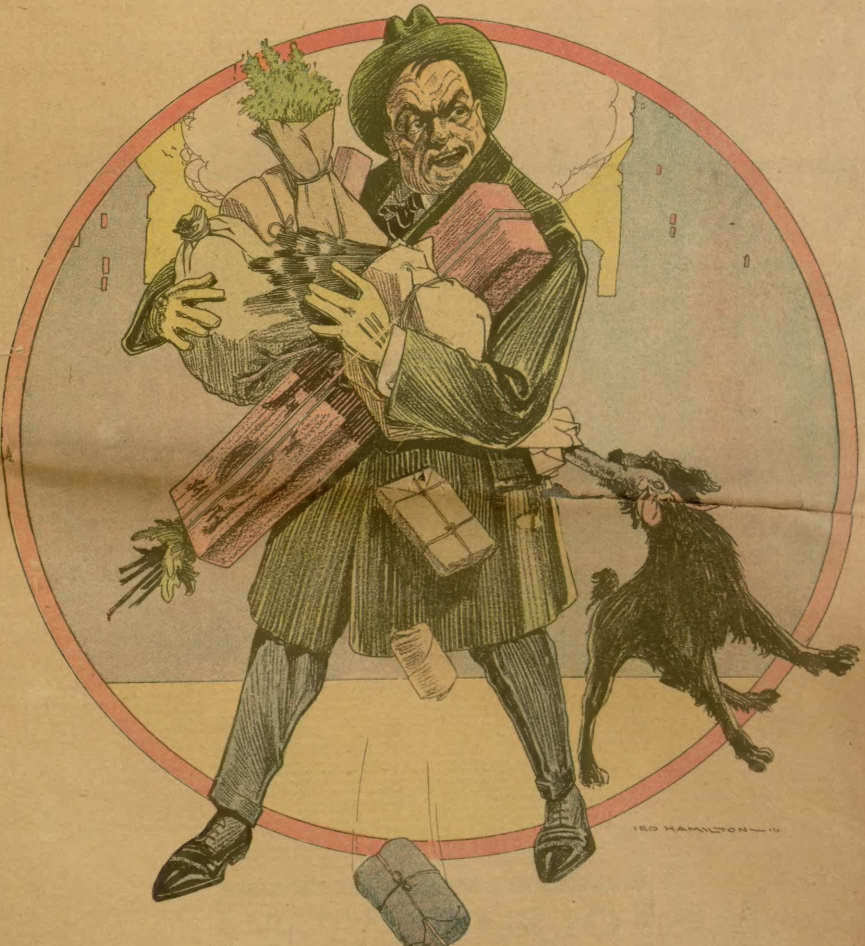
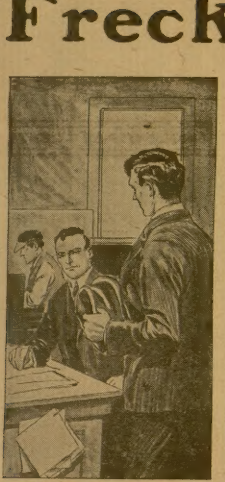

ED HAMILTON—16

A THANKSGIVING CONTEST

# Freckle Hogan's Grit

### By Alvah Milton Kerr



*"Come 'round in the morning."*

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IF IT is true, as some assert, that opportunity is half of greatness, is it not also true that good environment is half of righteousness? Suppose one does go wrong? Why should we coddle the physically sick and punish the spiritually ill?" Chief Dispatcher Manvell looked at Superintendent Burke in his kind, earnest way. Burke puckered his bearded lips, lifted his shaggy brows, and waited.

Manvell sat just inside the big arch of the alcove room. Outside the arch was an apartment forty feet long by perhaps twenty wide. In the corners and along the walls were several desks; near the center of the room were tables given over to train sheets, message books and telegraph instru[illegible] heads, some bald, some stout-haired, bowed at the desks and tables; the room was pervaded by pipe odors and chattering Morse.

Burke tapped with his pencil a paperweight that lay on his desk. His tone was dry and grating.

"Which means," he said, "that the young fellow waiting out in the anteroom is to get a position, or, at least, consideration, while I have a letter here before me saying that he is—well, plainly, a dangerous man, and ought to be on the black-list. Am I right?" He looked from under his heavy brows sidewise at Manvell.

"Yes," said the chief quietly. "It so happens that I knew a good deal about this chap back in Chicago. He used to sell papers in front of the A. and T. depot when I was fourth man in the dispatcher's office back there. I saw him pull a ragged little fellow out from under the feet of an advancing truck team one day. For a moment the two youngsters were mixed up with the legs of the horses; then the larger boy rolled out of the tangle and pulled the little one after him. He looked at the squalling unfortunate with vast displeasure, then gave him a fierce shake and said: 'Now, you skip home, Runty, t' y'r mudder; y'r not big enough t' be out here mixin' wid us men!' I was crossing the street and I laughed and stopped and asked the rescuer if he were hurt. He rubbed the top of his head and said: 'Got a knob on me belfry, dat's all. Say, mister, buy a paper, won't ye?' I purchased a paper, he whistled, danced a clog, and flew away among the teams and people and clanging cars, looking for customers.

"He looked to be about 12 years old, tho I think he was older. It struck me that a boy who met the daily dangers and emergencies that he did would, if trained, make a good railroad man. I got him into the office as messenger boy; we liked him; sent him to night school, and had him taught telegraphy. Afterward he took a position as operator in the block system. Now, I know him pretty well, and I don't believe that the charges laid against him in the letter you have are wholly true. It was natural, reared as he was, that he should have sympathized with the switchmen in their strike, but that he could have been capable of deserting his post at a critical moment and for the purpose of wrecking a train the officials were trying to run out of the city, I don't believe. It's not like Jimmy at all."

Burke rapped the desk in front of him sharply and turned toward a lad who sat at a table folding rate sheets. "Tell that young fellow out there—what is his name, Manvell?"

"Jimmy Hogan."

"Yes—tell him to come in here," added Burke, impatiently.

The applicant was ushered in. Exteriorly he appeared to be 18 or 19 years of age, was profusely freckled, slightly stoop-shouldered, and small for his years, but had a keen, alert expression of countenance and a fearless way of looking at people and things. The cruel conditions of his early years had written themselves into his face and figure past any means of total erasure, yet clearly the good that was native to him had enlarged in answer to the better state that had later been his. He glanced around the long room at Tommy Loomis and Arch Jordan, who were working on way messages and car reports, and at Bunch Wilson, who was hanging over the East End train sheet, immersed in that clear brown concentration thru which dispatchers see things thruout a hundred miles of track; then the youth's eyes came across Manvell's face. His greeting was fine to see. He did not presume to take the chief's hand, but his brown eyes and his freckles and every fleshy part of him glowed.

Manvell beamed. "Well, you thought you'd come out to Colorado and try the high hills, Jimmy? I have your letter asking for a job, but Mr. Burke here has a letter from Superintendent Taylor saying that you ought to be on the black-list, as you sided with the strikers in Chicago. I presume Mr. Burke wishes to ask you about it." He nodded toward the grizzled veteran at the desk.

"Yes," said the superintendent, dryly. "How was it you left your tower one night in Chicago without giving the dispatcher notice, thus causing a wreck?"

"Some strikers, or their friends—four men they was, sir—climbed into the signal box and took me away by force, sir. I fought 'em, but they was too much for me. I wanted the switchers t' win, sir, but I wouldn't 'a' deserted without tellin' the dispatcher I was goin.' I wouldn't 'a' done that if me mudder had been dyin.' I don't sneak; I ain't that kind." The freckled youth looked at Burke with a gleam of indignation in his eyes. "I told Mr. Taylor that, but he was mad an' wouldn't believe me. If Mr. Manvell had been there he'd 'a' knowed I wouldn't do such a thing."

Ma[illegible]g at the Middle Division train sheet. Burke hesitated a moment. "You wanted the strikers to win, you say? Then I'm with Taylor—I don't believe you. People act in keeping with their sympathies; that's a law."

"Not always," said Manvell, turning around.

"Well," said Burke, "if you want to send him out on the wire, all right; you'll have to be responsible."

Manvell smiled at Jimmy. "Come 'round in the morning; I think I'll have a place for you," he said, and quietly continued his work.

Within the week "Freckle" Hogan, as he presently was dubbed, found himself telegraph operator in a little sheet-iron station on the Saddle Bow, away out on the West End. That was when the Western Central had been pushed clear across Colorado, and a path for the steam-driven wheels was being blasted and torn thru the Saddle Bow Range, in northern Arizona. Down that way nearly a thousand men were at work on construction, and the things that were done with powder and dynamite were things to hear, but not safely see. "Yellow" Logan was at the front as chief foreman, and Superintendent Burke, naturally, made frequent visits to the scene of operations.

Freckle's "office" was a movable affair, being by times folded up like a patent lunch-box and thrown on a flat car to be transported to the point where an operator was most needed. In this fashion he worked his way well over the Range during the summer; at the cool end of September he was halfway down the west side of the mighty, tumbled billow of mountains. Besides Freckle, there were three other operators in lunch-box stations on the Range, from eight to ten miles apart and progressing by occasional removals toward the west. There were two tunnels on the Saddle Bow stretch—Number 12, just west of Freckle's September stand, and Number 13, eighteen miles farther down the western slope, piercing a towering mass of granite that blocked the right of way at the head of Bear Paw Canyon. Late in August Number 12 was practically completed and the rails laid down by many a twist and turn into the yawning bore of Number 13.

All thru that heaving, jumbled country there were camps and men and mules and scrapers; derricks, steam drills, carloads of picks and shovels; piles of steel rails and switch-frogs; trains of ties and structural bridge-iron, and at many points, all thru the crystalline days and cool, starry nights, dynamite and powder crashed and thundered in the blastings. The mountain eagle, frightened from his crag and soaring in vast circles in the pale sky, looked down many times during the summer on the work of the madly toiling pygmies and, seeing a long, ragged, zigzagging gash cut across the knotted breast of his lifted realm, screamed harshly and was troubled.

To Freckle, who had spent his whole life amid the dirt and ugly confusion of a great city, the strength and serenity of the great peaks, the infinite purity of the air, the green clouds of pines hanging here and there on mountain steeps, the white bath of pellucid sunshine, seemed strangely beautiful. At times he was oddly exhilarated by it all, again he was touched with lonely awe. Had it not been for the noise of the work and the presence of the rough laborers, he would have no doubt experienced something like fear, so startling was the change from his former condition.

Freckle lived the long days thru with a sort of rapture at the bottom of his heart; he felt consecrated, equal to any task.

On the last day of September it came; peril was abroad, and Freckle found his part. Ames Burke, superintendent, and Pierce Fuller, chief engineer, went over the West End that day, looking for weak spots and "stirring things up."

They rode on several trains, chiefly construction, during the journey, dropping off here and there on errands of inspection. By sunset they were at Summit, on the Saddle Bow Range. There they boarded a train for Tunnel 13, where, in the upper Bear Paw Camp, hard by the tunnel's black mouth, they purposed spending the night.

The train on which they took final passage for Tunnel 13 was a light one, nine flat cars of cedar ties, a box-car containing five tons of powder, and a caboose. The cars of ties were ahead, the car of explosive was next rearward, then the caboose, then Tart Morgan with engine 382, pushing the train. This formation was well enough coming up the eastern grades of the range, but in dropping down the western slope the engine ought to have been hooked in ahead, more effectively to hold the train. Burke and Fuller flagged the train and boarded it at a bridge a half-mile west of Summit station or, unquestionably, Burke would have ordered Conductor Rawlins, who was in charge, to run the engine thru the Summit siding and couple in ahead. As it was, Rawlins wished very sincerely that he had done so of his own accord, for Burke roundly criticised him as exercising bad judgment or being lukewarm with laziness. However, Rawlins meekly pointed out that the train was not a heavy one; besides, he had always held the notion that it was good policy to keep an engine to the rear of powder, so that sparks from the stack might not blow back in its direction. Burke pooh-poohed the "notion," but none the less it carried a grain of sense.

It chanced, as so often falls, that several things having an influence on the ultimate situation had happened within that hour. One thing: Frank McGuire, stationed in a lunch-box office near the mouth of Tunnel 13, had gone into the bore with a message for the foreman, and had been hit by a falling rock and his right arm broken. The plucky lad had telegraphed the fact to Manvell with his left hand, and the chief at once called Freckle, sitting in his box near Tunnel 12.

"Flag Rawlins' special and go down to Number 13 and take charge until further orders," said the chief. "McGuire has been injured. I will send a man out to Number 12 tonight to do your work. An operator at present is needed far more at Number 13 than at your station."

"O. K.," said Freckle. "I hear a train comin'; expect it's Rawlins'. I'll flag 'em and report to you from 13."

He scrambled up the caboose steps when the special stopped and told Rawlins the situation. "What's that?" sharply inquired Burke, who had heard.

Freckle repeated Manvell's order. "All right, let him ride," said the superintendent, glancing at Rawlins. He looked again at Freckle. "Are you that Chicago boy—Manvell's pet—the one Taylor wrote me about?" he asked abruptly.

Freckle's face flushed. "Yes, sir," he replied.

Burke's lips puckered, but he said nothing further. Freckle went out on the front platform of the caboose where the rear brakeman was standing. The head man, the train being so light, had been dropped for the night at Summit, where his family lived.

"Got the engine behind the train—funny way to run down grade," said Freckle, looking about.

"Car of powder—this box car—right here next to us," said the brakeman. "Rawlins likes to have the engine back when we got powder in the string; not a bad idee, I reckon."

At that moment they entered Tunnel 12. Ahead of them, thru quite the fourth of a mile, stretched darkness illumined here and there by lanterns depending from rods of iron wedged into crevices of the rocky walls, for workmen were still chiseling at the rough spots of the ragged sides and ceiling. Now one of these lanterns, no doubt loosened from its support by the jar of the hurrying train, fell down unobserved among the dry ties of the head flat car, spilling oil and flame among them, and in three minutes' time Tragedy lifted its wild face on the western slope of Saddle Bow Range.

Had they observed the fire earlier, had no panic supervened, the final peril might have been averted. As it was, Burke and Fuller, at Rawlins' little desk, were figuring a rectification estimate. Rawlins himself, near the rear door and steadying himself with feet wide apart, was laboriously penciling a report to the Supply Department from his train memorandum book. Tart Morgan, at the right-hand window of the engine cab, could not see the head end, as the train was moving on a long tangent to the left; the fireman was busy at the furnace; Freckle and the brakeman, talking on the platform close behind the car of powder, could see nothing directly in front. The cuts and hollows were filling with evening's purple dusk, the tops of the mountains were foiled with gold.

The train had left the tunnel a half-mile behind when, suddenly, Morgan snatched the whistle lever and blew for brakes. The brakeman swung out to the left by the hand-rods of the platform. The heaped ties of the first two cars were spotted with tufts of flame; smoke and burning bits of bark blew back in his face. As by a flash of lightning, he beheld a mental vision that swept him into panic. He leaped to the caboose door and flung it open and yelled, then dropped on the platform and seized the head of the pin in the coupling between the caboose and car of powder. Freckle jumped upon him crying out for him not to draw the pin. Rawlins and Burke and Fuller spilled themselves unceremoniously out the front door, shouting, "What's the matter? What's the matter here?"

"Head cars are on fire! Powder—powder—powder!" cried the brakeman, dragging madly at the obstinate coupling-pin.

At that moment, getting no brakes, Morgan put the reversing lever over; the couplings clanked, and the pin came out in the brakeman's hand. Every man on the platform was shouting and struggling; in every man's brain was fear tangling with protests and fleeting glimpses of what ought to be done.

Burke stamped at the brakeman and roared hoarsely, "Put the pin back! Put the pin back!" but that could not be done. The cars instantly parted, yet, in that instant Freckle Hogan leaped. The brakeman was on his knees, and Freckle went over his head and landed on the bunter-block and draw-head of the powder car, with his right hand clutching the brake-wheel rod that extended up the end of the car. In Freckle's brain flashed an imagined spectacle that for the time being drowned all fear—a picture of a train on fire hurling itself into the mouth of Tunnel 13, for the rails led directly into the great bore—of a car of powder crumbling in a mass of bursting fire, of men and machinery and all things flying into atoms.

He began hastily climbing up the brake wheel rod, slipping back and

OUR readers are strongly recommended to read "FRECKLE HOGAN'S GRIT," which appears in this issue of the Ledger. It is full of thrills. Next week look out for an exceedingly fascinating story, "THE FEARED MAN; or, LIVES AT STAKE." Some of the best stories in all the history of the Ledger will appear in these papers during the next few months. If you want to make some one a present, why not give him or her a year's subscription to the LEDGER? They would get lots of entertainment and fun out of it. Try it once.

climbing again, struggling madly for the top of the car with the one thought of setting the brakes and bringing the surging string of cars to a standstill. He vaguely heard Rawlins shouting angrily at the brakeman somewhere behind him: "I told you at Summit to go over ahead and hold the train if anything happened; why didn't you do it?" He also heard Burke's voice, mingling terror and command and encouragement in hoarse cries: "Set 'em, boy! Get to the top! If you can set 'em on three or four cars you've got 'em! Hold fast! Don't give up!"

Freckle slipped down the rod and hung dangling and gasping; ahe train, free of all restraint, rushed down the steep grade, jarring and jerking and swaying as it flew. He got his feet again on the bunter-block and struggled a moment for breath, then again began to climb. Up, up, little by little, he followed the slippery rod, flung momentarily to right and left and all but torn loose by the swaying of the car. A cloud of smoke streamed back over the top of the car, and into that stream those on the caboose and engine thru the growing darkness saw him finally scramble.

He lay for a moment, spent and choking, on top of the car, then rose to his feet and laid hold of the brake-wheel and set it with all his strength. Upon the flying train of cars, the setting of the brake seemingly had not the slightest effect. He clambered along the running-board thru the driving smoke and sparks to the front end of the car; the powder in the cases beneath him, to his excited fancy, seemed to writhe and boil, but more wild and terrible than all was that picture which never for a moment quit his mind, of fire and powder crashing together among the men in Tunnel 13.

From the front end of the box-car he peered down on the next car, a gray mass of ties swaying and jarring in smoke and shadow, and down upon that he leaped and fell and clutched fast and crept along to the forward end and found the brake and twisted it hard. Then he climbed upon the next load, but there he faltered and turned his back against the biting, strangling flood of heated smoke, coughing, clutching at his breast, and all but swooning. Toppling, he knit his fingers as best he could in the barked edges of the ties and strove to keep hold of his faculties as he watched the jumbled landscape wheeling by, then he crept forward again. But he found progress impossible. The forward three loads were cars of leaping flame, the ricked ties of the next four cars were tufted as with blowing torches, back over him and lapping against the top of the box-car, the driving smoke streamed like some sort of awful hair, tangled with a million fireflies.

Freckle could breathe the stuff no longer. He sprawled and swayed and strangled, got to the rear end of the car upon which he was, slipped down behind the rick of ties and covered up his burning eyes. His head seemed filled with a hundred swirling images threaded with darting thoughts. When would the car of powder explode? How long before the fire would drive him from the train? If he jumped, how would it feel to be dashed among jagged rocks? Would he have the courage to leap to such a fate? And the fiery wreck in Tunnel 13! What a vision!

Then something came to Freckle Hogan. What is it that sometimes whispers, saying things to those who strive to save others, when the heart cries for help, tho the lips may only gasp for breath? The whisper in Freckle's brain said:

"Jump near the first Bear Paw bridge—at the track-walker's station—he has a box-relay on the wire there—telegraph 13 to get the men out of the tunnel—save lives—let the train go!"

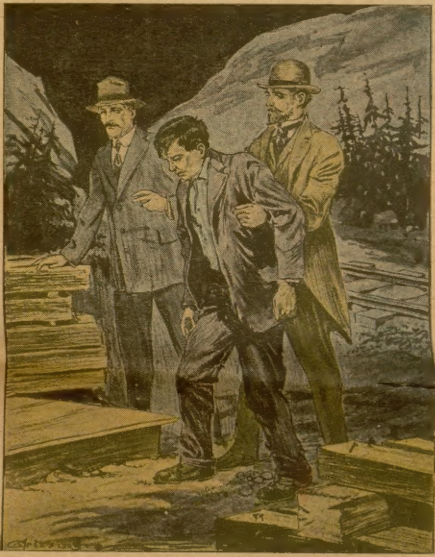
Freckle was on the bottom of the flat car where there was a narrow space at the rear of the load. He crept to the edge and looked down at the earth, a gray sheet of stones and logs and suddenly heaving walls whirled dizzily rearward. The sparks and hot smoke beat into his face; the noise and lurching and twisting of the train appalled him. How far the train had gone he could only surmise, but from the first Bear Paw bridge to Tunnel 13 the distance was about eight miles, that he knew. He lay flat on his breast with his head over the edge, watching. The heat increased, the smoke and sparks thickened, the cases of powder in the box-car were leaping. Two and three and four minutes passed, year-long stretches of time, then he saw a crooked road of tumbling froth below him—the plunging train had struck the banks of the upper Bear Paw. He drew himself farther over the edge, staring hard thru the smoke; he must be near the first bridge. Suddenly something seemed to shout in his ear the one wild word—"Jump!" and he drew his knees under him and sprang at the white, wavering, woolly thing below. He went feet over head, turning in air, and the next moment felt the earth tear his scalp, and the next instant heard and felt his right leg snap and thrill him with awful pain, then he was in ice-cold water; and the wheeled train of fire went roaring on down Bear Paw Canyon.

At many points between Tunnel 12 and Tunnel 13 men in camps along the half-finished line saw the terrible thing go by thru the gray dusk, and ran to and fro like frightened ants. But there seemed no means of help. There was only the little box-relay on the wire in the walker's sheet-iron hut, near the first Bear Paw bridge.

Burke, grim and pale, stood on the front platform of the flying caboose, now and again catching a glimpse of the blazing thing ahead. His lips worked in his beard; his big hands gripped the hand-rod in front of him until his knuckles were white. Morgan had the throttle open, but they could not get nearer than a half-mile or more of the fiery snake ahead of them; besides, who wished or dared to approach closer than that, when at any moment the car of powder might ignite?

"Stop at the walker's station by the bridge," Burke finally shouted to Rawlins. "If he's in maybe we can catch 13 by the wire and get the men out of the tunnel. Go back on the engine and tell Morgan to let her out until we approach the station, then to plug her so we can act quick." He glanced ahead and saw the flying wraith of smoke and flame wheeling downward thru a bending grove toward the Bear Paw. And that freckled boy from Chicago was on the blazing thing, trying to stop it! He bent forward and muttered odd words.

With whistling jets of steam from her cocks and the tearing snarl of reversed drivers, 382 jolted and stopped at the walker's station. Fuller, Burke, and Rawlins lunged from the caboose while the wheels were still turning, and made for the sheet-iron shed by leaps and bounds. Burke kicked the door open—Prindle, the walker, was not there! Two miles up the track they had nearly run over him without being aware of it; at the present moment he was running toward the station, but was far up the mountainside. The little box-relay on the table in the mimic station was rattling softly. The men glanced at it, then came out; no man among them knew the Morse code. Burke looked up at the gray sky into which big, soft stars were blossoming, and his lips moved. As his glance fell back to earth, something came crawling across the track in front of the caboose, a wet, smallish figure that dragged itself forward on its hands and knees. Burke leaped at it. "The boy—Hogan!" he shouted, and gathered the bedraggled figure in his arms.



*He gathered the bedraggled figure in his arms.*

Freckle's face was close to the superintendent's; each looked in the other's eyes. "My leg's broke—get me int' the table quick—t' the relay—so's I can call 13," came from the boy's bloody lips.

Burke turned and literally ran with him into the station. He placed him in the chair before the instrument and stood steadying him with his hands. Fuller and Rawlins ran in after them; the faces of all were white, only that Freckle's was dripping blood. He put a shaking hand on the key, his brows drawn into a knot, his nostrils distended, his lips pulled tight across his teeth; he was faint with agony. The key went up and down. "Tc, tc, tc," it said.

"Why, boy, didn't you say the tunnel operator got hurt—his arm broken this afternoon? He cannot answer!" exclaimed Burke, in sudden fearful disgust.

"Yes, he will," said Freckle thru his teeth; "if Frank's in his bunk in the box, no matter if his neck's broke he'll answer—he's Irish."

He pushed the wet hair from his puckered forehead and went on calling, but no reply came back. Then he ticked out a full and terrifying sentence: "If you're in your bunk, Frank, run to the tunnel and get the men out—runaway train on fire, car of powder at tail of train—if it don't blow up before it gets there, it'll explode in the tunnel! Get the men——"

Then the current broke. "Who—says—that?" ticked the instrument bunglingly, falteringly.

"Freckle Hogan—first Bear Paw bridge—that you, Frank?"

"Yes."

"Git the night shift out of——"

"O. K."

"He's—gone—after the—men," filtered dreamily thru Freckle's teeth, and he rolled back in Burke's arms and darkness flooded over him.

Almost at the same moment a young red-headed fellow with an arm in slats burst out of the iron shed near the mouth of Tunnel 13.

"Get away from in front of the tunnel! Get out of it!" he yelled, as he bolted headlong into the ragged bore. "Out of here—out of here—every mother's son of you! Runaway train—on fire—powder in train! Out of here!" Thus all the way to the breast of the blasting, seven hundred feet from the tunnel's mouth, his strong, young voice roared the warning as he ran.

Sixty men came out of the works with such speed as terror of death alone can put into human legs. Logan, head foreman, was with them.

"Scatter! Get off the right of way! Get back!" he yelled, for the steel rails were whining and Bear Paw Canyon was roaring and clapping with echoes.

Then around a bulging point the thing of fear reeled suddenly into view, and all the rugged walls of the gorge and the foaming Bear Paw and the faces of the hiding men were whitened. The loaded ties were ablaze clear to the powder car and the forward end of that was sheeted over with fire, and coals and sparks had begun dropping down upon the cases. The flaming thing went into the tunnel with a seething roar, then in a moment came an appalling crash and the Saddle Bow Range quivered down to its last strata. A vomit of stones and twisted rails and broken machinery gushed from the tunnel's mouth, a breath that turned bowlders over went up the canyon, then silence fell.

Burke, tenderly laying Freckle on the seat cushions in the caboose, up by Prindle's station, heard the detonation. His mouth worked in his beard oddly. After a moment he said quietly: "Rawlins, we'll run on down to Thirteen; tell your engineer."

He straightened Freckle's limp form on the cushions, wiped the lad's wet face softly with his handkerchief, and walked up and down the car. Fuller and Rawlins looked at him furtively; in each man's mind worked the thought: "If the men in Thirteen did not get the warning in time, then——" but they said nothing. When they got down from the caboose near Tunnel 13, Foreman Logan met them.

"Well?" said Burke.

"No one hurt—machinery, everything gone," replied Logan.

"All right," said the superintendent, with a long, relieving breath. "Order new machinery sent here at once. Clear the tunnel as soon as it cools. Where's your doctor?"

"Over there in the shed with McGuire."

"Get him; boy with broken leg here in the caboose. Fetch McGuire, if he's able; I want to promote him."

Afterward Freckle went to the company's hospital at Paley Fork. He went in a special car. One morning Burke and Manvell stepped into the accident ward; Freckle looked up from his cot and his brown eyes glistened.

"Mr. Burke thinks we'd better make a place for you on the wires here at headquarters," said Manvell, smilingly.

Freckle picked at the white counterpane.

"Don't—know as—I'm good enough. But if you think——"

"We'll manage that all right," laughed Burke; "you know, we're Irish!"

This story is from the pen of the author of two books of railroad stories that we heartily recommend to Ledger readers. One of the books is "The Diamond Key, and the Railroad Heroes Who Won It." The other book is "Young Heroes of Wire and Rail." These books recount many thrilling and extraordinary acts of heroism by telegraph operators and train dispatchers and engineers and conductors. If you like to read exciting railroad stories you ought to send for both of these splendid books. They are beautifully bound and finely illustrated, and each book contains nearly 400 pages of matter that will make you sit up and take notice. If you wish to make a Christmas present to any one, or would like yourself to be wonderfully entertained, you should send for one or both of these books. "Young Heroes of Wire and Rail" is $1.00. "The Diamond Key, and the Railroad Heroes Who Won It," $1.00. Address Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 93 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

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## The Two Sons.

"My son John," complained the man who paid the car fare, "is the worst financier in the world. I never saw such a poor financier! All rules of the game fail when applied to him. He is always an exception to all rules."

"Is that so?" responded the man whose fare had been paid.

"Yes, it's a fact. Now, take the simplest mathematical proposition and apply it to my son John and it won't work out. For [illegible] 'A farmer has $11 and pays $6 for a [illegible] for an automobile. How much has he left?' The answer, according to the arithmetic, is $2. But it doesn't work out that way in John's case at all.

"You can give John $11 and tell him to pay $6 for a horse and $3 for an automobile, and hanged if he'll have a cent left! In all probability he'll wind up a dollar or two in debt into the bargain.

"My son John can't take $10 and go out and pay $8.75 worth of debts with it. Somehow or other the money just naturally doesn't reach—not that any one robs him or that he loses money. It is simply that his money doesn't reach."

"I'm something like that myself," said the man whose fare had been paid.

"Now, there's George, my other son," said the man who paid the fares. "He can take $6 and pay $5 worth of debts and come home with a little change. It may not be much, but it will be a little. There will happen to be some discount or something coming to him.

"A friend of mine who is captain on a boat took George on a little trip on the lakes with him and I gave George $50 for expenses. He came home with $10 and a new suit of clothes and presents for all the family. He understands finance.

"I sent John on the same trip with the same amount of money. He drew on me for more money from Duluth, Cleveland, Toledo, Buffalo, Detroit and every fetch-take-it place the boat stopped at, and he came back owing the captain, the purser, the steward, and a couple of friends he had met, and without a cent of money to pay for having his trunk brought out to the house."

"Well," said the man whose fare had been paid, "he may be a genius."

"Moreover," continued the other, "that John of mine once held a nickel in his hand all thru church so as to have it ready, and hanged if he didn't lose the nickel in his pocket two seconds before the plate arrived. While frantically searching his pockets he found a $5 gold-piece that had been lost for three years and dropped it into the plate, thinking it was the nickel. He never would have known it only the excitement of seeing $5 in the plate was too much for the man next to John and he had to be carried out."

# THE SMUGGLER

## Or,

# We Three Girls

### By Ella Middleton Tybout

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## CHAPTER III.

WE SAW a good deal of the Campbells—or at least of Lady Edith—during the following week. She was unquestionably lovely, from the crown of her golden head to the tip of her dainty shoe, and, moreover, was endowed with that most enviable gift called personal magnetism; her smile was a caress, and the inflection of her voice implied unqualified pleasure in the society of the person whom she happened to address.

We took her to the cottage, and she went over it with genuine interest, suggesting slight rearrangement of furniture, and lingering on the veranda as tho reluctant to leave.

"I quite envy you," she said, with a trace of sadness in her voice. "You will be so cozy up here, and—the hotel is horrid, is it not?"

"You must come and see us very often," said Elizabeth, and Gabrielle and I echoed the invitation eagerly.

"How good of you!" she replied. "I shall be only too glad to come. And I may bring Wilfrid sometimes? We are both rather forlorn strangers in a strange land, you know."

We hastened to say we would be delighted to see Lord Wilfrid at any time, and Elizabeth, who had volunteered to keep house, added that tea would be on tap every afternoon and guests very welcome.

So we took possession of the cottage on the bluff and settled down for a long, lazy summer.

It was nice. That first evening as we sat on the veranda after our comfortable dinner, listening to the murmur of the waves and watching the myriad of stars overhead, we spoke contemptuously of the stuffy little hotel, and pitied those confined within its walls.

Elizabeth had heard from home that day, and told us that a man her father had recently met owned an island near by and had pledged himself to call upon us. Elizabeth's father is a general in the army, and has hosts of acquaintances, so his daughter is quite accustomed to encountering them wherever she goes.

"When do you expect the old gentleman?" inquired Gabrielle, languidly.

"He isn't old at all," flashed [illegible] so. "And, of [illegible] he has sailboats and things if he has a summer home on the island. He might be very useful."

"Ask him to dinner," I suggested, secure in the conviction that our "competent woman" could really cook.

"And ask Lord Wilfrid and Lady Edith the same evening," supplemented Gabrielle. "Let us impress him at once with our intimacy with the nobility."

"Have we a butler and twelve footmen, that we should give dinners?" inquired Elizabeth, with withering sarcasm. "When I entertain landed proprietors and members of the peerage I don't want to feel nervous about anything, so we won't attempt dinners while I'm housekeeper."

We did later, just the same, and our little dining-room was the scene of several merry nondescript meals, called dinner by courtesy, and thoroly enjoyed by every one. But this is anticipating.

The next day as we were all three leaning out of the broad window of my room, in an interval of repose after unpacking and settling, we heard steps on the gravel path, and before we could withdraw our heads two men turned the corner and started for the front door. From the hand of the taller dangled Gabrielle's black shopping-bag, and altho he wore gray clothes and a straw hat instead of blue serge and a small cap, we recognized the man on the steamer, and were consequently petrified with astonishment.

"Don't let them in," whispered Gabrielle, who always has her wits about her in an emergency. "Tell Mary Anne to say, 'Not at home.'"

They were directly under the window now, and we feared to move, almost to breathe, lest we attract their attention; but it was just at this crucial moment that my side-comb elected to fall out and land with considerable force upon the aforesaid straw hat. Of course its owner promptly looked up, and equally of course we precipitately retreated.

"Do you think he saw us?" gasped Elizabeth and I simultaneously, as the doorbell rang; but Gabrielle had fled to the hall, where we heard her whispering hoarsely to Mary Anne over the banister.

We also heard that invaluable factotum's assurance that the ladies had just gone to the village, and a polite expression of regret, accompanied by a promise to call again.

We stole again to the window as our visitors retreated, and saw them pause, examine my side-comb, and calmly drop it in Gabrielle's bag, which had not been left with Mary Anne, as, of course, it should have been.

"At this rate, Bennett," said a laughing voice, "you'll soon be able to open a junkshop. But I must say, old chap, we were very neatly snubbed. Wherefore?"

"I don't know," replied Bennett, "but I mean to find out, for I'm coming again very soon. I assure you, Blake, the picture doesn't begin——"

The rest of the sentence was lost as the two men disappeared around the corner. We straightway held a council of war.

"I suppose," said Elizabeth, "he has lucid intervals and his attendant humors him, but this is no reason why we should be victimized. Let us caution Mary Anne."

So we descended in a body to the kitchen and solemnly warned Mary Anne that the day she admitted our late visitor we would immediately part company. She in turn solemnly assured us that if he crossed the threshold it would be over her dead body, so we felt somewhat comforted. Elizabeth picked up the cards and looked at them.

"Mr. John Clinton Blake," she read aloud, "and Mr. Gordon Bennett."

The card dropped from her hand, and she collapsed into the wood-box.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Gabrielle, fishing her friend out of its capacious depths.

"Gordon Bennett," said Elizabeth, "is the man who knows father, and who owns the island."

We stared at each other in incredulous silence, then sank down upon Mary Anne's immaculate floor and laughed until we were exhausted.

"I feel sure," said Elizabeth, when she could articulate, "that it is not the same man. This is some impostor."

"Mayhap," suggested Mary Anne, who had been an interested listener—"mayhap, miss, 'e's a smuggler."

Mary Anne had not long left the mother country, and her manipulation of the letter h was as agreeable to our American ears as Lady Edith's faultless enunciation. Just now she was regarding us with the manner of one who possesses unimparted information.

"It's quite hawful, miss," she resumed, dropping her voice to a whisper, "and it do give a body the creeps, so it do. But they say the smuggling wot goes on 'ereabout is most hextraordinary."

"Smuggling?" repeated Gabrielle.

"Yes, miss; taking things in over the border without the duty—which I do say is a sin and a shame to 'ave to pay, so it is."

"It is perfectly right to pay it, Mary Anne. Everybody should obey the laws of a country."

So spoke the general's daughter, but she carefully avoided looking at us, for we all intended investing heavily in furs before our return and getting them in without cost.

"Yes, miss," replied Mary Anne, without enthusiasm, and Gabrielle inquired in rather a muffled voice what the miscreants smuggled.

"Oh, most hanythink that comes 'andy, miss. Fur, cloth, gloves, humbrellas, preshus jools—mostly di-monds. The feller they're lookin' fur deals in di'monds. Quite the gentleman 'e is, too, so I've 'eard."

Mary Anne proceeded to tell us, with much circumlocution and attention to detail, that the previous summer a famous band of smugglers had carried on successful operations under the very noses of our customs officials located in the little town just across the water, and had completely baffled said officials in their efforts to uphold law and justice.

She added that a police boat had recently been assigned to the station, which patrolled the shore with flashing searchlight, ready to pounce upon any unwary small craft lurking without lights in dark coves or inlets, and that a large reward had been offered for the capture of the chief offender.

"But law!" finished Mary Anne, exultantly, "wot good does that do when 'e can stay 'igh and dry this side the border? Wot's 'e goin' to the States fur, I'd like to know, when 'e can stay 'ere, Miss Elise, and waller in di'monds?"

I admitted that he would be foolish thus to tempt Providence, and Mary Anne resumed, thoughtfully pinching up the skin on her round red arms.

"But they're lookin' fur 'im, pore feller, and tne pollis is 'ungry fur the money wot'll land 'im in jail. No common man 'e is, they say, but mayhap one of these 'ere islanders wot comes fur the summer, with their steam yachts and their fine clo'es. Ah, well! Jail's no wuss fur 'im than fur the likes o' us. And seein' that the gentleman today was very likely lookin' and civil spoken, but quite unbeknownst to me, I wondered—beggin' your parding, Miss Elizabeth—if it was 'im I 'ear so much talk about in the village. Will you be havin' clear soup ag'in tonight, miss?"

"As you please, Mary Anne;" Elizabeth spoke absently, and joined us in the living-room with an air of suppressed excitement.

"Do you think it's possible?" she inquired, laying Mr. Gordon Bennett's card on the table as tho fearing it might explode.

"No, I don't," said Gabrielle, bluntly. "It's just servants' gossip. Don't think about it any more."

Of course after that we talked of nothing else, and when Lord Wilfrid and Lady Edith came up that evening we told them all about it, beginning with our experience on the steamer. Lord Wilfrid disposed of the steamer episode in one succinct word.

"Drunk," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, and really it seemed not improbable, now that it was suggested to us.

Lord Wilfrid appeared in a new light that evening, he was so talkative and agreeable; he also corroborated Mary Anne's story about the smugglers, and gave us a good deal of information on the subject. The village was quite excited, he said, and the fishermen who hired sailboats could talk of nothing else.

"I confess," he said, with his slow drawl, "my sympathies are with the poor devil of a smuggler. He must be a clever chap, I fancy, to be worth such a large reward."

"According to Mary Anne, he can 'waller in di-monds,'" remarked Gabrielle, laughing.

"Ah, indeed!" said Lord Wilfrid. "Opulent but uncomfortable, I should imagine. Well, I wish him luck; may he——"

"Wilfrid dear," interrupted his sister, in laughing expostulation, "and you a magistrate at home!"

"Well, suppose I am," returned Lord Wilfrid; "it is my misfortune, not my fault. And I'm sure my sympathies are nearly always with those wretched poachers we condemn so glibly."

I instantly conceived a warmer liking for Lord Wilfrid, for I thought such sentiments worthy of admiration, and I could see that Gabrielle and Elizabeth were likewise impressed. Indeed, now that he had cast aside his mantle of sulky silence, he proved himself very pleasant indeed, and even suggested sailing parties and various other ways of passing the time.

"For," he remarked, "I think this is as good a place as anywhere to stop and breathe a bit, and it's so jolly well isolated, don't you know, that one is moderately safe from one's dear five hundred friends; so I fancy it will be quite a while before we move on—provided Edith can tolerate her accommodations."

I thought I saw a shadow cross his sister's face, but she answered him gently that where he was happy she was also, so he turned to Gabrielle and told her he had hired a boat by the week and was ready to take us out at any time.

"We have a boat-house but no boat," remarked Gabrielle, "and we can't get inside it because Mary Anne's brother inconsiderately lost the key."

"Perhaps one of mine will fit," suggested Lord Wilfrid, producing his key-ring. "Let us try and see."

So we all went down the steep flight of steps to the little boat-house beneath the bluff, and waited on the slip while he tried the various keys with no success.

"We are right under the cottage," said Elizabeth, "and yet one can hardly see it. I don't believe I like it down here—it is so dark and creepy. Suppose we go back."

The water washed against the slip with a sullen sound, and it was undoubtedly very dark—so dark we could hardly distinguish one from another. Suddenly, however, a beam of light illuminated the little dock, so dazzling in its brilliancy that we were completely blinded and stood blinking helplessly.

"It's a searchlight," I said, with great originality, and added by way of encouragement: "It will be gone in an instant."

But it wasn't. I don't know how long we stood motionless in the white light, but it seemed an eternity to me, and Gabrielle said afterward that she felt perfectly transparent and as tho her every thought was blazoned abroad for the world to read.

Lord Wilifrid leaned against the door of the boat-house, shading his eyes with his hand. Elizabeth, who stood beside him, said he swore softly under his breath. For my part, I did not blame him, for certainly it was most unpleasant; but so also was the intense darkness into which we were plunged by the unexpected removal of the light, and with one accord we made for the steps leading back to the cottage.

It was then that Elizabeth lost her nerve and gave a stifled scream. This is liable to happen at exciting moments—when she encounters a mouse or a spider, for instance; but that night, when we were talking it over in my room, she told us she could not understand why she did it just then, but she all at once felt very queer and oppressed, and relief of some sort was necessary. So she screamed in a suppressed, choking way quite heart-rending to hear, and instantly the searchlight was back again laying bare our very souls and prying into every nook and corner of the slip and the steps leading down to it. This time we did not stand petrified, but scurried up the steps as fast as possible, and the light obligingly followed us, marking a white pathway all the way back to the cottage.

Gabrielle gave a vexed little laugh as we regained the veranda; she dislikes to show the white feather at any time, but especially at a false alarm.

"One would think we had never seen a searchlight before," she said, as Lord Wilfrid drew a chair forward and she sat down.

"Look!" she continued. "There is our enemy, I think."

We looked in the direction she pointed, and saw what appeared to be a very small tugboat about to vanish around the point.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it is the boat looking for smugglers, and they suspected us. Wouldn't that be exciting?"

"No," said Elizabeth, with a little shiver; "it would be horrid. I should not like it a bit."

"Why," said Lady Edith, "this poor child is quite white and shaking, and there was nothing to be afraid of, after all. Let us go indoors. I think I would like the lamplight myself."

So we went inside, lighted the lamp with its red shade, and grew quite cheerful and happy again, while Lord Wilfrid told us about big game hunting in Africa, and our other guest and Elizabeth held a low-voiced conversation concerning hand-made lingerie and other subjects of mutual interest.

It seemed to me Lady Edith was tired tonight, for she was paler than usual, and sometimes her head drooped a little wearily, as tho its weight of hair was burdensome. Her lips smiled readily, however, and I got so absorbed watching her dimples come and go I entirely forgot to show any interest in the pursuit of big game, which, as Gabrielle said afterward, was certainly rude on my part, for Lord Wilfrid was doing his best to be entertaining.

When at last they rose to go, and had even started down the steps of the veranda, Lady Edith turned and came back alone, laying her slender white hand on mine and slipping her other arm around Elizabeth's waist.

"I hope you will pardon me," she said gently, "I do not mean to be officious, and of course at home we looked at such things differently——"

She paused as tho she found expression difficult, and then continued with some hesitation:

"But you are just three girls living here alone, and I've been thinking about what you told us tonight, and it has made me a little uncomfortable. It is so easy to be imposed upon that were I in your place I would be very cautious about admitting promiscuous young men. Now, please don't misunderstand me, will you?"

She looked anxiously into our eyes as she spoke, and as we involuntarily smiled in response she kissed us and rejoined her brother without another word. It was her first advance beyond the ordinary courtesies of mere acquaintanceship, and we were gratified as well as surprised, for with all her grace of manner she had an air of reserve difficult to penetrate, even had we been bold enough to attempt it.

Her words carried weight, too, for when Mr. Gordon Bennett repeated his call within the week he was informed that the ladies begged to be excused, and Elizabeth wrote home that she did not like things she had heard about him, and did not think she cared to know him at all.

We sat for a long time that night by the open window in my room, watching the brightly lighted boats threading their way among the islands, for Elizabeth said the ocean seemed so wide and lonely out of their own window she did not care to look at it.

"And," she continued, pushing the sleeve of her blue kimono away from her arm, "as for that boat-house, I will never go there again after dark. I had the queerest feeling!"

"Ghosts," suggested Gabrielle, "or perhaps rats. They would have the same effect on you, wouldn't they?"

"Well, you may laugh," said Elizabeth, solemnly, "and I know I acted like a fool, but I was just sure some one was there—or something. I felt as tho some one besides ourselves was breathing. Oh, I can't explain it at all, but I was next to the boat-house, and something moved inside. Maybe it was a rat, but anyhow I don't go down there any more after dark; for while I might be able to cope with men, provided I had on my best clothes and my most engaging expression, rats and mice and spiders are too much for me, and I don't care who knows it."

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## CHAPTER IV.

A FEW days later I paid a visit to Mrs. Graham. We could see her cottage from the path which led to the village, and every time I passed it I had an uncomfortable feeling that she was lonely and perhaps ill, and that I ought to be neighborly. So at last I went.

It was a most unprepossessing little clapboard house, evidently built for the sole purpose of affording a shelter, for certainly no time or thought had been wasted on verandas or other unnecessary, tho agreeable, accessories. As I stood on the narrow front steps, waiting for my knock to be answered, I shivered instinctively and wondered if, after all, her summer would prove very beneficial.

Mrs. Graham herself opened the door, with an exclamation of pleasure.

"This is very nice," she said, "and you are especially welcome this morning, for sometimes one's thoughts are but indifferent society, are they not?"

"Well," I remarked, as I seated myself on the chair she indicated, "so we are really neighbors, after all! Are you settled yet, and do you like your new home? We are quite in love with ours."

"Settled!" she said, with a slight shrug. "Well, yes, I suppose so. But don't call it home, please—four bare walls, two windows, and a door. Is that home?"

"But," I suggested, "why not look thru the window at the ocean?"

"Ah, the ocean!" she interrupted. "How I hate it! Always rolling, always changing; so deceitful, with its treacherous laughing water, and so cruel. I dislike salt air anywhere, and this seems to me the most obnoxious I ever breathed. I do not see how I am going to live thru the summer."

I listened in silent astonishment, and Mrs. Graham paused with a short laugh.

"Pray excuse me," she said; "you see, I'm from the South, and I love the warmth, the flowers, and the many, many trees. My child is there, too. You could not expect me to leave him in Virginia and be happy in Canada, could you?"

"Why not bring him to Canada, also?"

"Oh, no, no!" she said, with unnecessary vehemence. "He is better there—far better. See, this is his picture. Do you wonder I am rebellious at the separation? My mother writes that he is quite well and happy, and no longer frets for me. Think of that! He is already learning to do without me."

"He is like his father," I said, studying the laughing little face.

"Very like," she replied; "very, very like. Do you think," she continued slowly, "that the rearing of a child determines its after-life? I mean, do you believe in environment or heredity?"

I looked from the picture in my hand to the tense face of the mother, puzzled how to reply.

"I do not know," I faltered. "You see, I have never thought about it."

"Of course you have not!" she exclaimed. "Why should you? And how silly in me to get started on my hobby so soon! I am apt to think every one is as much interested in children as I am, but I suppose that is the way with all mothers. A childless woman loses both the greatest pleasure and the greatest pain in life, and I do not know whether to pity or envy her."

There was a movement in the room above, and she held out her hand for the picture.

"I will put it away," she said hurriedly; "and let us talk of something else. Mr. Graham thinks I allow the boy to absorb me to the exclusion of everything else, and perhaps he is right."

Mr. Graham was coming downstairs now. I listened to the descent of his slippered feet, and speculated idly whether he breakfasted every morning at eleven. He was evidently surprised to see me, and, I thought, not overpleased, altho there was no lack of cordiality in his greeting.

"So you caught me napping!" he remarked. "The fact is, I'm a lazy sinner at the best of times—eh, Juliet? I'm extra late today, tho, but as I only eat a bit of fruit with my roll and coffee, Mrs. Graham says it is no matter if our slavey does growl."

"You don't look as tho you lived on rolls and coffee," I remarked, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"Oh, I make it up at lunch and dinner, I assure you. Isn't this a jolly little box?"

He gazed about the bare room with as much pleasure as tho it contained the luxuries of a palace, and continued cheerfully:

"Just look out of the window—how's that for a view? And then the air we breathe night and day! Pure ozone—none of your strained, adulterated products, I can tell you! Already Mrs. Graham is like a different creature."

I glanced curiously at Mrs. Graham, but she refused to meet my eye.

"I have just been saying, Harry," she remarked, "how different this air is from the South, and how invigorating I find it."

I smothered a surprised ejaculation, and rose to go. Surely my new friend was rather bewildering.

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Mr. Graham, "just wait a moment till I drink my coffee, and I'll walk along with you. I'm going to the village for the mail."

As the postoffice was my ultimate destination also, I resumed my chair, and Mrs. Graham and I carried on a desultory conversation until he returned, hat in hand, and announced himself ready.

"You will come and see me often, will you not?" she said, holding my hand for a moment. "And you will not mind if I do not always return your visits? I do not go out very much."

"Nonsense!" returned her husband. "Rousing is just what you need. She shouldn't be such a recluse, should she?"

He put the question in a laughing voice, but it was evident he was really annoyed, so I started for the door, fearing I might unwittingly introduce another unwelcome subject if I lingered any longer.

I glanced furtively at Mr. Graham as we walked along, and more than once found him inspecting me in like manner. The third time I caught his eye he laughed good-naturedly.

"Both taking stock," he remarked, with calm nonchalance, "and both caught in the act. Well, do I pass muster?"

"I hope I have not been rude," I returned, a little vexed at his tone of easy familiarity; but he only laughed again, and began to talk about the climate and the country, showing a knowledge of the coast which surprised me.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "you have not learned all this since you have been here?"

"Oh, no," he returned; "I'm an old stager. The fact is, I spent several summers here when I was a young chap, and I'm very keen about it indeed. The sea regularly calls to me, and I'm never quite happy away from it."

"And Mrs. Graham?"

"Well, she doesn't know much about it as yet, but she's learning. I can't induce her to get into a boat, tho—more's the pity."

"You are fond of sailing?"

"Very fond. When I get out in my catboat, I have no idea of the flight of time."

I had a sudden vision of his wife's figure waiting on the little dock. Doubtless she was destined to pass many anxious, expectant hours before the end of the summer.

Mr. Graham put our letters in his pocket with his own, for safe-keeping, and we turned our faces homeward.

On the outskirts of the village we met Lady Edith Campbell, sauntering along under her white parasol, the personification of dainty womanhood. She stopped to speak to me, and I was about to introduce my companion when, to my surprise, she held out her hand cordially.

"Why, Mr. Graham!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing in this remote corner of the world, and do you mean to cut your old friends?"

"I was so astonished, Lady Edith, that I doubted the evidence of my eyes. What brings you here, may I ask?"

"Wilfrid and I are touring for his health. Is Mrs. Graham with you? How very charming! We all crossed from England together this spring," she explained for my benefit, "and we got to know each other very well, as people do on shipboard. Where is Mrs. Graham, and may I not go and see her this morning?"

Mr. Graham hesitated perceptibly, but I settled the question by holding out my hands for the letters and announcing that I meant to take a short cut to the cottage, and would see them again soon.

As usual, the girls were on the veranda, and I dropped the mail in Elizabeth's lap and flung myself exhaustedly into the hammock.

"I don't like paying visits," I remarked, "and I just hate taking walks with other people's husbands."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Gabrielle. "I rather like married men—they are so safe. They never suspect you of designs on them if you are pleasant, you know, and——"

"Why," interrupted Elizabeth, who had been turning over the mail, "what's this? What have you been buying, Elise? I'm going to look at it."

She held in her hand a small tissue-paper package about the size of an ordinary note envelope, and before I could disclaim any responsibility for it she had opened it and was examining its contents.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "look at this."

And, nothing loath, we joined her on the steps and looked also. The little package contained a small piece of blue ribbon, and carefully fastened to it was a ring of yellow hair. Such pretty hair it was, too! It might have come from the head of a little child, it was so soft and curled so daintily. In the sunshine it glittered like spun gold.

Elizabeth put her finger under the shining ringlet and looked at me doubtfully.

"Where did you get it," she inquired, "and what are you going to do with it?"

"I never saw it before," I replied, thoroly puzzled.

Gabrielle lifted the ribbon, which was attached at the top to a piece of white notepaper, evidently for the purpose of holding it straight.

"There is writing on it," she announced, and we literally put our heads together to decipher the words closely written in pencil.

"'I need you,'" read Elizabeth. "'Do not delay.'"

"There is more," I continued; "listen."

"'And another voice is calling
Oh, it cometh from the sea,
With an undertone of danger—
But there's work for you and me.'"

"What does it mean?" questioned Gabrielle. "Elise, you brought it here; you must know."

"Indeed I don't! I got the mail and——"

I paused as a sudden light dawned upon me.

"It's his," I exclaimed lucidly; and went on to explain that Mr. Graham had given me our mail very hurriedly, as Lady Edith was waiting for him, and doubtless the little package had slipped in between two letters.

Elizabeth was folding the tissue-paper carefully about the piece of ribbon.

"It is his, of course," she said, "and we must return it. But, oh, dear! how I wish I had not opened it!"

"What I want to know," remarked Gabrielle, who was of a very inquiring disposition, "is this: Why does Mr. Graham carry a piece of yellow hair around

(Continued on Page 13.)

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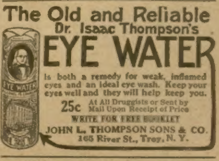
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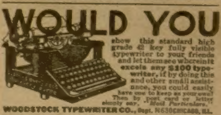
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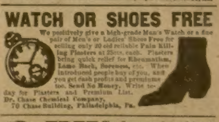
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# An Island Vendetta

## Or, Sea Prisoners

### By Willard E. Hawkins

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## CHAPTER XVI.

## A TRAGIC FIND.

"DEAD!" he muttered hoarsely. Then, with sudden vehemence: "No! no! It can't be! It's impossible!"

But all the incredulity and denial in the world could not efface the mute evidence. He bent over and picked up the sheet of note paper with trembling fingers. Mechanically smoothing its soiled creases, he read it thru this time to the end.

> "When you read this, it will be too late for regret. I am about to end my life; it is the only way. I hope it will be believed that I am not doing this awful thing from cowardly motives. My decision is the result of painful deliberation. My death is the only solution for an unbearable situation. The persons involved will know what disposition to make of my property. Please think as kindly of me as you can. RUTH LEAVERING."

These sentences had been written in ink. Following the signature, and hastily written in lead pencil, as if by an afterthought, was added:

> "Dear, impulsive, Matt Bellamy: I am afraid—I am almost glad to believe—that you are one of those who will mourn for me more than I deserve. You have no way of comprehending the struggle this costs, or the circumstances that make it unavoidable. I am sure that drowning will be an easy death; the sea buries its own dead. Forget—and forgive—me. Good-by.
>
> "RUTH."

The first part, with its cold, impersonal sentences, was evidently intended for the world in general. The postscript alone seemed to have been written by a real, flesh-and-blood girl. Yet there was no room in Bellamy's agony for exultation that he had been the sole friend to whom she directed a personal farewell.

Scarcely acting with volition, he turned and stumbled blindly from the room, then out into the drizzling rain, unmindful of his hatless and coatless condition.

Nothing mattered now. The cold downpour that drenched him to the skin scarcely penetrated his consciousness. If anything, it brought a vague relief to his fevered brain. Hours he wandered on, struggling thru the sodden underbrush, heedless where his steps took him, forgetful alike of his surroundings and of the vessel.

Gradually the downpour relented. In the east the clouds were pierced by a beam from the sun which cut thru the fog and dispelled it almost as if by magic. But the lifting of the weather pall brought no relief to the wanderer.

Once, when he found himself upon a stretch of high ground, he looked out to sea, where the vessel lay clearly in view. A small, dancing object on the waves caught his attention. He puzzled over it, then realized that it was a rowboat making for the shore.

Recalled to a sense of responsibility, he started toward the point where the boat would probably land. He had taken only a few steps when he hesitated.

Why should he leave the island? What did the world hold that could tempt him? The natural thing would be for him to return, tell his story, exhibit the letter, and be taken away by the rescuing party. But in the prospect there was no lure.

The instinct of all creatures is to hide great sorrow from inquiring eyes, to bear their grief in solitude. In his stricken mood, Bellamy had no desire to leave the island. Better an animal-like existence alone on this wild haven than a heartbroken return to a dreary life in the world that had lost its savor. Doubtless this was an irrational chain of reasoning. It came from a mind distorted by sudden and unexpected loss.

His decision was quickly made. There would be no leaving the island for him. Here the woman he loved had died, and the island should also be his sepulcher. The rescuers would find the cottage deserted, and doubtless a search of the entire island would be instituted. But in the rocky fastnesses at the upper shore it would not be difficult to elude them.

But stay—he had forgotten Reuel Vogt. Well, the man could not alter the situation materially. When the search failed to bring either of his companions to light, Reuel would leave the island with elation, no doubt, at the thought of misfortune having overtaken his half-brother.

In making his decision Bellamy experienced a kind of exultation. He was doing it for her sake. He would match her mysterious sacrifice by an act no less characterized by renunciation.

Turning toward the fastnesses in which he hoped to remain concealed, he struggled on until he reached surroundings that looked vaguely familiar. It was the high ground overlooking the amphitheater on the rocky upper shore. What better place could be desired for keeping out of sight until the danger of discovery was past? He searched for and found the narrow descent leading to the semicircular inclosed beach.

The wild grandeur of the place comforted his mood and softened it. The uncompromising cliffs, the waves that rolled in unceasingly upon the sand, and the sweep of bowlder-strewn shore afforded him a sense of peace and relief.

Contrary to the opinion he had gathered from his experience in the dark, the shore was not altogether inaccessible. The semicircular rock formation, tho broken and irregular toward the ends, was continued some distance out to sea. The horns thus formed inclosed a small harbor.

The wall of the palisades was honeycombed with holes. Many were large enough for a man to enter. In looking for the chute thru which he had made his first entry to this haven, Matt happened upon a discovery.

Protected from casual view by a natural blind of bowlders and shrubbery were the dampened remains of a camp fire. And near by were other evidences of human habitation—empty cans, fragments of broken boxes, a rusty ax.

The find was at first inexplicable. Then he remembered Reuel Vogt. So this was where the man had made his headquarters? Very likely one of the caverns served him for a sleeping apartment. Matt searched along the edge of the rock wall until he came upon the half-hidden entrance of a shallow cavern, in the depths of which was discernible a rude pallet. The light admitted thru the small entrance was not sufficient to bring out the interior distinctly. As he stepped cautiously within, a rustling sound caused him to pause. Evidently the cave was occupied. He drew back, his hand diving instinctively toward the hip pocket in which reposed the empty revolver.

"Reuel," he demanded, "is that you?"

The reply he had most reason to expect was a bullet from a revolver, but nothing followed his inquiry.

"I know you are there," he bluffed. "Come out like a man." He drew forth the revolver to enforce his words.

The reply came so quickly that he recoiled. "For God's sake, don't shoot!"

The voice was certainly not Reuel's. Before Matt could recover from his surprise a shrinking figure emerged from the obscurity at the rear and came hesitatingly toward the entrance.

"Who the——!" began Matt. But words to express his sensations failed him, and he merely gazed in blank wonder at the fellow being who appeared before him, blinking in the sunlight.

He saw a boy of perhaps twenty years, smooth-faced and slight. He was clad in muddy, bedraggled garments and wore a yachting cap pulled down tightly over his tousled hair. Tho he was making valiant efforts to conceal it, his terror was unmistakable.

"Put it away!" he exclaimed shrinkingly—his first glance directed at the revolver.

"See here, young fellow," said Bellamy, recovering his powers of speech. "What the deuce are you doing in this place—who are you, anyway?"

"Me?" said the youth huskily. "Well, I guess the game is up, now you've found me. I'm Chris Joplin."

He made the announcement much as if he had been confessing a name notorious over the civilized world. But to Matt the reply brought no enlightenment. He stared blankly.

"And you're this Bellamy fellow," added the youth. "I've seen you once or twice and Ruth told me about you."

"Ruth!" was the startled exclamation.

"I'm her brother, you know."

"What?"

A very dim light had commenced to dawn upon Bellamy. Some of the girl's mysterious concealments were almost, if not quite, explained by the presence of the boy in this place.

"Do you mean," he demanded, "that she has been hiding you over here all the time? How did you—what are you doing? Why didn't you stay openly at the cottage?"

"Because," replied the boy, with a trace of bitterness—"because you were there."

"Well, I wouldn't have eaten you."

"I know. But—well, there were reasons you wouldn't understand."

"Understand! It's all been a confounded mystery from beginning to end. And now the ship has come——"

"Ship!" interrupted Chris. "Ship!" he repeated, in a voice full of startled alarm.

"Are you afraid of the vessel?" asked Bellamy, suspiciously.

The boy turned upon him unexpectedly. "None of your business!" he snarled.

Then, with an illogical return to his distraught manner: "Where's Sis? Does she know? Tell me what's become of Ruth."

"Boy," said Matt in an unsteady voice, "your sister——"

He gulped. Unable to say the words, he drew the note she had left from his pocket and passed it to the other. Chris read without flinching, then he crumpled the paper in his hands and turned toward his companion, pale with suppressed emotion.

"Do you believe that letter?" he demanded.

"It is her handwriting. What do you mean?"

"It's a fake—a put-up job. If I ever——"

Bellamy cut in, his nerves aquiver with hope: "A fake, you say! How do you know? If she didn't kill herself, then what——?"

"She was murdered!"

Matt recoiled. He had anticipated a statement that the girl was yet alive.

Chris had turned away; his shoulders shook with silent sobs, but on the whole the shock seemed to have given him an unexpected power of controlling himself.

"Boy," said Bellamy, a moment later, grasping him by the arm and peering into the agonized blue eyes, "if you know anything about this, for the love of Heaven tell me everything!"

"I do know," insisted Joplin, wildly. "And I'm going to get the man that killed her, if it takes a lifetime!"

"Who?" demanded Matt, his fingers closing on the slight shoulders like iron clamps.

But he knew what the answer would

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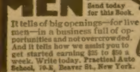

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be even before the name was spoken thru the boy's clinched teeth.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## IN COLD BLOOD.

IT WAS some time before he could draw a coherent story from the young fellow.

"It seems clear enough that she intended to take her own life," he insisted, "and yet you seem to base all your conclusions to the contrary on the letter."

"Oh, he's smart!" exclaimed Chris vindictively. "The letter would fool anybody—anybody that didn't happen to know."

"Get yourself in hand. Tell me what you know, so that I can judge for myself. If you are right—well, this island won't be big enough to hide him from my vengeance."

"I'll tell you everything," said Chris. "It doesn't much matter. After I've gotten even with him, they can do what they want with me afterward. Perhaps you've heard Sis—my sister—speak of Walter Froelich. Only two people—he and Captain Winthrop—know the location of this island. Captain Winthrop had a fuss with him after they took Ruth and Horace Leavering down here, and so the Captain fitted up a trading vessel of his own. He takes long trips to the South Seas.

"You know, I guess, about Leavering's fool scientific notions and why Ruth and he came here. Froelich boosted the notion. He brought them here and was to call for them at the end of the six months. I never liked the fellow much but we got sort of chummy after Sis left. Then, one night a couple of months ago, we were sitting in his apartments. Both had a little too much to drink, I guess, and he told me—told me he knew the experiment would prove a fizzle and that his idea in promoting it was to get Ruth so tired of Horace Leavering that she'd be glad to get a divorce and marry him.

"Had the nerve to brag about it to me! I hit the sneaking rascal and he knocked me down. Then I jumped up—and—and there was a revolver lying on his table."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Bellamy—the self-confessed murderer before him was such a boy.

"The shot didn't seem to take effect at first. But just as he started for me, he toppled over on the floor. Then I ran out and down to the wharves, where Captain Winthrop's schooner was just ready to start on a cruise. It was my only chance. I told him the whole story, and he agreed to go out of his way and drop me off on this island. He dropped me off in the early morning from this end of the island—I didn't want Sis to think the relief yacht had come and be disappointed. He gave me plenty of provisions and bedding and a revolver. The revolver made me sick—I flung it into the bushes and that fellow picked it up. Then I went around to get a word with Ruth, and I found you were here."

"But why all this secrecy?" interposed Matt.

"The rescue expedition might come at any time. Then it would have been dangerous to have anybody in the secret. Ruth wanted to tell you, but I hung off. Can you blame me?"

"But you haven't told me what connection Reuel Vogt had with—with her death."

"That's what I'm coming to. We bumped into each other almost at first. And he got hold of my secret by snooping around and listening while I talked to Ruth. Then he had a hold on both of us.

"One afternoon—the day you later stumbled onto this place—I caught a glimpse of him coming over the ridge with Ruth. I didn't like his looks, and I had gumption enough to get out of sight behind some bowlders and listen when they came up here to the cave. He had found out about Ruth having some property in New York, and seemed to be pinning her down to details. Then he put it up to her that if she didn't turn over to him what amounted to almost the whole business, he'd give away my hiding-place, if he ever got back there to New York.

"Sister was true blue; she didn't hesitate. He got some wrapping paper from my boxes and wrote out an assignment. Then he told her that the paper wasn't worth a nickel in a court of law, unless she appeared and swore to it, and that he'd have to have something more as security.

"'What more can I offer?' she wanted to know.

"'Your life.'

"Then he explained that he wanted her to write a letter accounting for her own suicide. With that in his possession, he could do away with her, if he found it necessary to protect his interests, and leave the letter to clear himself of suspicion."

"But she never would have submitted," gasped Bellamy.

"She did!" cried the narrator, passionately. "She was like a bird caught in a snare. Maybe you wonder why I didn't break in on them. I may have been wrong, but I believed that if I kept what I knew to myself, I might be better able to get the best of him.

"Anyway, she wrote what he dictated. As you see, it was a vague letter designed to cover almost anything that might happen. After it was done, he said he would go back with her and enjoy a few of the comforts of life for a while, and she could copy it on regular note paper."

"Then you believe——?"

"The letter they finally agreed upon," said Chris, with conviction, "is exactly the same, word for word, as the body of this one. It means but one thing. She refused something he demanded, and he took his cowardly revenge. Or else he saw the boat coming and got her out of the way so he could safely go back to New York and claim the property."

"But the postscript? How about the note to me she added in pencil?"

"Easy enough explained. No doubt he forced her to add that when they got to the house, to make the letter more convincing. He might figure that you would get suspicious, if the personal element was lacking."

"True," said Bellamy, apathetically. "Well, boy, nothing will now bring back your sister, but there is one thing left that we can do."

"Yes?" said the boy, eagerly.

"We can and must bring her murderer to justice."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE AVENGERS.

A SERIES of muffled detonations reached their ears as they started forth on their grim search for the murderer. Evidently the untenanted condition of the cottage had puzzled the rescuing party, and they were signaling to attract attention.

"I want you to promise me one thing," said Bellamy.

"Well?"

"If possible, we must capture our man alive and turn him over to justice. The vessel has given us an opportunity to do this."

"Are you going to reveal our presence to those people?"

"Not at first, perhaps; but——"

"What will become of me?" exclaimed Chris. "It's all up with my liberty, if they discover——"

Matt hesitated. "I will say this much: Until we capture our man, I will keep out of sight with you. And if he forces us to take his life, neither of us will ever show our faces to any one who may visit the island. But we must do our best to preserve the law."

"What made you change?" protested Chris. "At first I thought you were all for hunting him down."

Bellamy found it difficult to answer the question, even to himself. What had so quickly altered his intentions? At first he had been eager for vengeance. Now he found himself counseling against bloodshed, insisting that the law be permitted to deal with the criminal.

The truth was that hitherto he had been responsible only for the morals, the actions, and the desires of one being, Matt Bellamy. Now he was burdened with a similar responsibility toward another, a boy not yet past the age when opinions and standards of conduct are formed. He, the elder, must set before this youth an example such as his sister would have desired. How could he urge this immature nature to ignore the law and take retributive justice into his own hands?

"What I have outlined is the only course," said Matt, soberly. "To us belongs the responsibility for his capture. We will take him to New York for trial, and as for your part in the matter, I will guarantee that you do not involve yourself in trouble."

The boy shivered. "I—you can depend on me," he said. "I'll give myself up and tell the whole story, if it becomes necessary."

"That's the stuff. You'll never regret it."

That afternoon they covered much ground unsuccessfully. The operations of the party from the vessel were hidden by dense foliage. It was only toward evening, when the two reached an elevated plateau among the rocks, that they saw on one of the tallest crags, more than half a mile away, a lonely, motionless figure.

He was standing in an attitude of indecision, gazing out across the water toward the anchored vessel. As the pursuers started toward him, he turned and disappeared down the side of the cliff. And tho they scoured the neighborhood with the thoroness of fierce determination, not a trace of him could they discover. It was undoubtedly Reuel Vogt.

At sunset, Bellamy proposed a reconnoitering expedition to determine whether their man had joined the party from the vessel.

Altho an effective shield was afforded by the darkness when they reached the vicinity of the cottage, Matt deemed it inadvisable for both to venture within close range. Leaving his companion in the bushes, he crept up until his crouch-

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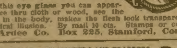

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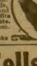

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ing figure touched the side of the veranda.

Several voices were audible, conversing in low tones. Some one was commenting on the mystery of the silent island and abandoned cottage, while another, with strong German accent, scoffed at his nervous fears.

"Well," was the defensive reply, "how do you account for it? Somebody was living here when we hove in sight. Where did they go?"

"I'll lay that geezer I saw skulking in the bushes had something to do with it," piped a new voice.

"You gif me a weariness, Gene. You been letting your imachinations get too much der upper hand. How vas it none of der rest set deir eyes on such a redheaded rascal?"

"Because," came the tart rejoinder, "none of the rest had their eyes open."

"Come, come!" interrupted the first speaker. "Tomorrow we'll know for certain, when we explore the island. The big chief is coming ashore himself."

"Yes, and he'll take it out on us when he doesn't find anybody. Next time I ship aboard a sick man's vessel, I'll know it."

Satisfied that Reuel was not in communication with the party, Matt slipped away toward the clearing where he had left Chris. There was no response to his soft call, and he waited, undecided for several minutes whether to institute a search. The sound of approaching footsteps decided the question. The boy made his appearance, breathing heavily.

"Where have you been?" demanded Bellamy.

For answer Chris held out the object he was carrying. Matt's fingers closed on the long, smooth barrel of a repeating rifle..

"I found the place where they landed the boat," explained the boy. "They had it beached and full of supplies covered with a tarpaulin. I took this."

"We may need it," agreed Bellamy, thoughtfully. Then he related the conversation he had overheard.

Three hours were occupied by the long, tortuous journey to the northern slope. At the crest of the cliffs, where the ridge started which led down to the shore of the amphitheater, a gaunt figure suddenly rose before them and stood sharply silhouetted against the sky.

The surprise of the meeting was mutual. All three paused motionless for an instant, then Chris raised his weapon and fired point-blank, at close range. Quick as was his action, a sudden movement on Bellamy's part destroyed his aim. The dark figure disappeared instantly over the edge of the rock-crest.

"What made you do that?" demanded the boy.

"I—I don't know," said Bellamy, in confusion.

He was surprised himself at the involuntary action, for at sight of the man his anger had blazed up fiercely. But he felt that it would be monstrous to allow this boy to stain his conscience with more human blood.

"Don't expose yourself," he cautioned. "We'll follow him."

Muttering but obedient, Chris followed him down the rocky trail, from which the fugitive had vanished as if by magic.

A moment later Bellamy whispered: "I want you to let me have the rifle."

"No!" gasped the boy, hugging the weapon tightly.

"Then, at least, promise not to shoot unless absolutely necessary."

Chris mumbled a glum reply. Suddenly he grasped the arm of his companion.

"Look! Quick! Do you see that?"

A dark shadow appeared below, gliding furtively away from the base of the cliff.

"You take the shoreward course, and I'll follow the cliff," said Bellamy, as they completed the descent. Chris nodded in understanding and darted away in the darkness. Matt started forward, his senses eagerly alert. He was already somewhat familiar with the various caverns lining the wall of the palisades. It seemed more than likely that Reuel had taken refuge in one of these.

Three had been explored, and he was thrusting his shoulders thru the aperture of the fourth, when there was a deafening detonation and a flash. Stunned by the noise, Bellamy paused an instant, wondering at the sharp sting in his left arm. Then, with a low cry of fury, he sprang thru the narrow opening.

Two more bullets crashed sharply against the rocky wall. As Matt dived toward the point from which the flashes had come, a heavy figure plunged out thru the opening.

Angry at the ease with which his foe had eluded him, Matt followed. His one opportunity had been bungled. Now it would be an open battle, with the chances in favor of the fugitive. He ran forward along the cliff, listening intently for footfalls. The sharp crack of a rifle some distance ahead brought him up suddenly.

Evidently Chris had met the fleeing figure and had disobeyed instructions by firing. No outcry followed; but a moment later came the sound of running feet, growing louder. Matt cast his glance along the wall, then huddled into an obscuring cavity. His intention was to throw himself upon the man as the latter came abreast. With muscles tense and eager, he crouched, while the footsteps of pursued and pursuer drew near. It was only a matter of seconds, but it seemed an eternity.

As the heavy breathing of the foremost runner became audible, Bellamy's muscles contracted like so many coiled springs. Then, as the fleeing figure rushed past, he found himself restrained by a something so infinitely delicate, yet unexpected, that his forward impulse was checked even before its inception.

A slender, girlish hand had been suddenly placed upon his arm.

This most interesting story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

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## Origin of Thanksgiving.

The first celebration of Thanksgiving day in the Western world was observed by the Pilgrims the second summer after their arrival on the inhospitable shores of America. The summer sun had cruelly withered their crops, and they were in great danger from another source, for the subtle red men, watching and noting their weakness, waited for famine to help in the extermination of those strange white beings who had come out of another world to invade their territory. It was about this time that a settler's wife wrote home to a friend: "Our last peck of meal is now in the oven abaking and many of our godly neighbors have quite spent all and wee owe one loafe of that little which wee have." At the moment when hope seemed lost clouds swept across the brazen sky, a grateful shower fell, the crops were saved and the devout Pilgrims poured out their hearts in gratitude.

Records of Thanksgiving show a visit from the friendly Indian sachem, Massasoit, with ninety of his dusky followers. The Indians brought five deer from the forest, and the Pilgrims furnished corn and fish for the feast, which lasted three days. Turkey was not lacking at those primitive banquets, for that noble fowl, wild in the woods, was brought down by the rifle of the hunter. It was probably served with berries gathered during the summer time and dried by the women.

Washington appointed a Thanksgiving after the adoption of the Constitution and Lincoln set the last Thursday of November as a day of thanks in the land that has come to us thru the sacrifices of our forefathers, who left it to us, a priceless jewel to guard, protect and to keep.

* * *

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Is furnished by the turk, deceased.
  For prospect of unwrinkled tum,
Let us give thanks!

Let North and South and West and East
Enjoy the sacrificial beast,
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  That Heaven may know we're going some,
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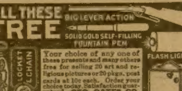

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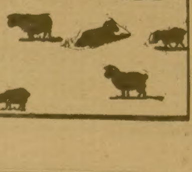

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# THE QUADROON'S HATE

## Or, One Man's Folly

### By Ella Martin

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Begun in No. 43, October 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

### CHAPTER XV.

### THE CHILD'S DISAPPEARANCE.

NEPHA found Electra waiting for her among the blossoming shrubs on the first terrace. She handed her the note. "You need not bring an answer," she said. "I shall not be here to receive it. And I know Mose will do exactly as I tell him."

"Yes, Miss Nepha," Electra said, taking the note and starting across lots.

The quadroon watched her until she was lost to view among the orange trees; then she turned sharply and went down the several terraces, and thru the avenue of trees to the lane where she had left her horse. She mounted and rode straight to Charlston Hall.

The old mansion was on a slight elevation, surrounded by a large lawn, with shade trees in front and shrubs and flower-beds in the rear. Still farther back, in the edge of the grove of magnolia trees, were the negro cabins.

Nepha went straight to her apartments, which were on the second floor near the rooms she had fitted up to serve as a nursery for little Lloyd. After changing her dress for a house gown, she went to the room where Rosalie was supposed to be with the boy. There were toys scattered about the floor, but neither child nor nurse could be found. She searched the house and the grounds and inquired of Miss Charlston; then she ran across the lawn to the cabins in the grove. One old negress—Granny Lee, as the rest called her, for she was a relic of slavery days—sat sunning herself in front of her hut. Nepha approached her.

"Where are the servants?" she demanded.

"At de house, I 'spects," answered Granny Lee; "all 'cept yo' and me."

Nepha winced. She knew the colored people were chagrined because her position was so much above their own. But she ignored the remark and asked: "Have you seen Rosalie and the child?" But if the old negress could give her any information she would not, and Nepha continued her search. She ran across several of the servants, but none of them had seen Rosalie or the child that day. Finally she thought to look in the nursery closet, and discovered that part of the baby's wardrobe was missing. Her fears were realized. The boy had been spirited away. She went again to Miss Charlston's room.

"What has happened?" the old lady exclaimed, noting the anxiety on the quadroon's face.

"Rosalie and little Lloyd are missing. I can find no trace of them. What do you think could have happened?"

"I do not know, Nepha. I haven't seen them since yesterday. I have not been feeling well, and so have remained in my room. But Lloyd, I know, is missing. I cannot account for it."

"Do not try, Aunt Anna," replied Nepha, seeing that the old lady was weak and tremulous. "I will look after things now. I mean to relieve you of all care in order that the remainder of your life may be tranquil. I owe it to you, after all that you have done for me. I do not like useless strife, but I know I shall enjoy wrestling with the problem of making a man out of my half-brother. I shall find him and compel him to acknowledge his marriage, never fear. I have weapons in my possession that will win in this fight.

"Leave everything to me," she added, kissing the white-haired woman who had mothered her since babyhood. "You must not be worried longer."

"If Lloyd married this woman," said Miss Charlston, "he ought to acknowledge her and the child. You can do whatever you think best about it. I have always been too lenient with him for his own good; but I had no authority over him, and no influence. He would never be guided by me."

It was growing dark when Nepha again visited the negro quarters in the grove. Keeping behind the trees she managed to hide herself in the hedge near Granny Lee's cabin; for it was there Sam lived with the old negress who was supposed to be his grandmother. Some time later she saw him come out of the cabin and, after glancing cautiously around, strike off thru the grove toward the river. She knew he was bound for the spot where his master's boat was moored. By taking a short cut she was there before him. No one was in sight, and slipping down under the platform built out over the water to form a landing, she crouched down next to the river's bank and waited. Next, she felt in her bosom to see if her revolver was quite safe. She had no fear, but she was never unprepared to defend herself against her enemy.

The moon came up and lighted the river in places, but the dense foliage along its brink left the greater part of it in shadow. Soon she heard Sam approaching. He stepped out upon the platform above her head, then sat down with his feet dangling over the water. Nepha could have reached forth her hand and touched them.

It seemed a long time that she waited there in that cramped position. But at length she heard the splash of oars, just as she had expected, and presently a boat drew up at the dock.

"Ah, there you are, Sam?" whispered a voice in the darkness. "Did any one see you come?"

"Not a soul, Marse Charlston. I done slipped away 'thout any one seein' me."

"Good for you, Sam. How is everything?"

"All right, marse. Nepha, dat shedebil, hab bin gone most de time. Ebreyting done turned out jist as yo' 'spected."

"And where are Rosalie and the child? Did your grandmother hide them for you?"

"Yes, marse; dey is in de back bedroom ob her hut. Nobody goes to granny's house 'ceptin' me and Rosalie. Granny ain't sociable, nohow."

"We will have to get them out of there, Sam, or that devil of a Nepha will ferret them out. She might hear the boy cry, and she'd tear the cabin down but what she'd get at them. And she must not be allowed to get hold of the boy again. Tomorrow night, at about this time, have Rosalie bring the brat here. And Sam, keep that quadroon's attention elsewhere, if you have to set fire to the Hall."

"Yas, marse. I'll do dat 'ar, jist as yo' say."

"You'll get your reward, Sam, you know that."

"Yas, I knows it, marse."

A moment later Nepha, from her hiding-place under the pier, heard the boat departing. Then Sam turned and walked off toward the grove, whistling.

An hour later he was snoring inside Granny Lee's cabin. It was then that Nepha stealthily approached the window of the back bedroom. It was open, for the night was warm. Cautiously the quadroon drew the muslin curtains aside. A dim light burned in the room. In one corner slept Rosalie, while near the window, in an improvised crib, was the boy she had intrusted to her keeping.

Without a moment's hesitation she slipped thru the window and lifted the sleeping boy in her arms. A bundle containing his wardrobe lay beside the crib; this Nepha took, and stepping thru the window, she crept away undiscovered. Evidently she was not to be obeyed by the servants, even tho their mistress had appointed her overseer. Lloyd had issued other orders, it seemed. As he was feared by his servants, none of them would be likely to disobey him. She would have to devise another plan. She must outwit him. She laughed to herself as she pictured Rosalie's surprise and consternation when she discovered that the child had been stolen.

With swift footsteps she took the short cut to Negro Jim's. It was a long way, and the boy grew heavy, but she managed it. No one was awake, but she used her latch-key, as she was permitted to go and come when she pleased. She aroused Mose at once, and he hitched up the mule, and together they set out for the hospital in town, where Lygia was convalescing. But at the hospital a greater dilemma confronted the quadroon. Lygia was gone!

### CHAPTER XVI.

### NEPHA PLANS A DUEL.

LYGIA gone! The news stunned Nepha. She was exhausted with her night of wakefulness, her tramp across lots to the house in the forest. During their drive she and Mose had talked over her plans for the immediate future. She was to bring Lygia back with her to Negro Jim's; and after she had grown strong enough she would persuade her to go with her to Charlston Hall and proclaim herself Lloyd Charlston's wife, and baby Lloyd his son and heir. With Lygia at the Hall to protect the child, Nepha could manage the rest of it. But now all her plans were upset.

Her next step was to interview the hospital authorities and attendants; but she could learn nothing from them, except that her sister had slipped out of her room and left the place unobserved. Also that she had nearly recovered from her ailment.

Nepha paid the bill and left the institution. There was nothing to do but to drive back and leave the boy in Chloe's care. She found it necessary to entertain Mose to keep him awake, as he had arisen so much earlier than usual.

"Well, Mose," she began, "how do you like the girl I picked out for you?"

Continued on Page 12.)

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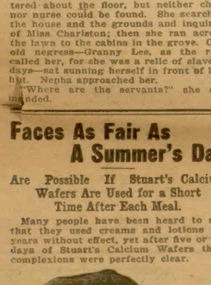

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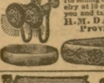

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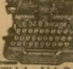

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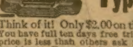

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### PLENITUDE.

There's good advice on every hand
  And heedlessly we pass it by,
An article for which demand
  Will never equal the supply.

### Couldn't Tell.

"Would you say the world is better now than it was a century or two ago?"

"I don't know. I wasn't here a century or two ago."

# THEIR SAD THANKSGIVING

### Very High.

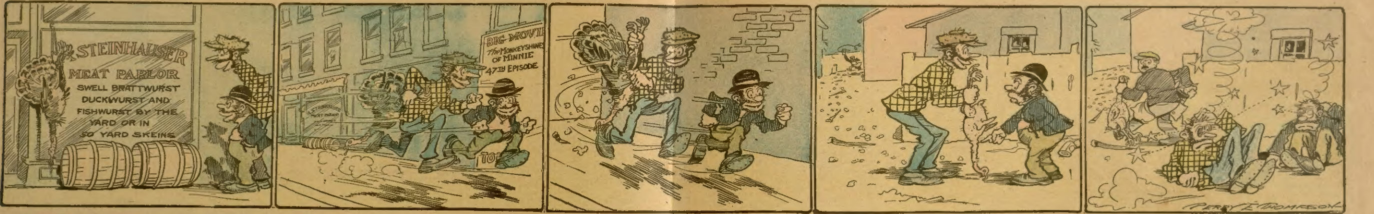
"I understand, sir, your son's ambitions are on a very high plane."

"Quite right; he's bothering the life out of me to buy him an aeroplane."

### Cheering Signs.

"Has he asked for your daughter's hand?"

"No, but I have hopes; he has taken to ordering the servants about."—Life.



Shorty—"Slim, dat's an elegant tunnel fer gittin' dat turkey, an' de butcher can't see youse from de inside."

Slim—"Dat was sure easy. It'll be Thanksgiving dinner fer us terday. Yum, yum! I can hardly wait ter git at dis turkey."

Shorty—"We'll beat it to dat vacant lot six blocks up dis way, where we can build a fire and cook it."

Slim—"Here it is, an' I got it all picked while we was runnin'."
Snorty—"Yes, but look at dat trail of feathers!"

Shorty—"You thousand-legged boob! If I could see to do it I'd kick dat noodle of yours into bone pudding!"

### No Proof.

As usual Mrs. Merton enlivened the dinner table conversation with an account of the new servant.

"I don't know much about her yet," she said, "but she is good-natured and harmless, at any rate."

"How did you find that out?" asked Mr. Merton.

"By her singing. She is always singing at her work."

Mr. Merton slapped viciously at the back of his neck.

"That's no sign," he said. "A mosquito does that."

Mrs. Jones—"Yes, it was suicide! Financially ruined, they say!"

Mrs. Brown—"What a fool! Why, my husband is financially ruined every Monday morning!"

### One Lesson Learned.

"In this practice to become a soldier, your first lesson must be of prompt and unquestioning obedience to your superior officer."

"That's all right, captain, I'm married. What's the next lesson?"

### Surprised Her.

A servant girl was looking for a situation in the outskirts of Edinburgh. She had heard that the mistress was a rather strict disciplinarian, and was doubtful about applying.

Upon entering the gate she saw an old man working in the garden and, plucking up courage, told him her fears, and asked him for his advice.

He advised her to see the lady, saying, "I've been with her for a long time, an' we get on verra well."

In a short time the girl emerged from the house, smiling.

"I like her looks," said she, "an I'm engaged. Come, an' I'll stan' ye a dram."

"Eh, ma lassie, I daurna," replied the old man; "the mistress micht smell it, an' she wad be angry."

"Nae fears," returned the maid. "I'll gie ye a sweetie, an' that'll hide the smell."

However, the old man resisted the temptation.

Having been in the house for some days the girl was wondering why she had not seen her old friend, the gardener, again; but, to her surprise, one night she saw him coming downstairs in evening dress.

Grasping a fellow-servant by the arm, she gasped: "Who's that mon?"

"Oh," replied Mary, reassuringly, "that's the master!"

### Out of It.

"'Deed no, sah, I can't jine no army."

"But your country needs you, Rastus."

"Can't help dat. It's onpossible."

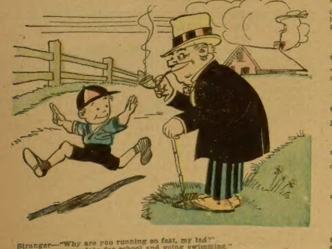
"Why impossible, Rastus?"

"Well, you see, my ol' woman has been ovah to de police co't an' put me unner bonds to keep de peace. No, sah, I can't do no fighting, nohow."

### Loath to Go.

"It is said that when a man is drowning he lives over his whole life in a few seconds."

"And despite the fact that the average life is a series of failures and disappointments, that doesn't prevent him from reaching any the less eagerly for the proverbial straw."



Stranger—"Why are you running so fast, my lad?"
Jimmy—"I'm too late for school and going swimming."

### CONSOLATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY.

If what you like you can't possess,
  Then learn to like what is your own,
Contentment then your life will bless—
  Out upon meat! We have a bone.

If daughter has a leather lung,
  And sings her high notes all the day,
And friend wife has a biting tongue,
  Rejoice! They're live ones, anyway!

Your appetite unsatisfied
  Betokens normal, robust health;
Your poverty? Strong men have died
  Beneath the burden of great wealth.

Of what we have let us be proud,
  And covet not the things we lack,
Tho mansions we be not allowed,
  No robbers plot against our shack!

The baldhead has to comb no hair,
  The deaf can't hear the mean things said,
And everybody's free from care
  (I wonder if they are?) when dead.

Mistress—"Mary, that jug you broke this morning belonged to my great-grandmother!"

Mary—"I'm glad to hear that. I was afraid it was something ye had bought lately."

### A Father's Pride.

"Why don't you advise your boy to give up his football ambitions?"

"I have advised him," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I've almost prayed with him about it. He's the worst football player I ever saw."

### Resting on Its Laurels.

"You say this town has turned out two famous baseball pitchers?"

"Yes," replied the disgruntled citizen. "I'm afraid the effort was too much for our town. It hasn't moved a peg since."

### What He Found.

"What struck you most on your visit to the prison?"

"The number of innocent men that juries have convicted."

### Common.

"There's a lot of wealth in this country now."

"Yep. It's a mighty poor kid nowadays who hasn't at least one rich uncle."

### Function of the Hammer.

"Why do you knock so? Why are you always using the hammer?"

"I do it to rivet attention, my boy."

### His Emblem.

"What is Harold's birthstone?"

"Well, judging for the way he falls for any scheme, I think it must be a gold brick."

### Good Work.

As she stood outside the little country inn two great tears shone in her innocent eyes, tears so large that the passing cyclist saw them.

Beauty in distress caused him to dismount and ask if he could be of any assistance.

"I'm afraid not, thank you!" replied the damsel, sorrowfully, as she pointed to an automatic chocolate machine attached to the wall of the inn. "I've just put a penny in that thing, and nothing has come out."

"That's soon remedied!" said the young man, confidently.

He slipped a coin into the slot, and then another and another. After the sixth he muttered angrily, raised his cap and pedaled wildly away.

As he disappeared a female head peeped round the door.

"Any luck?" asked the owner thereof.

"Oh, yes, ma!" replied the simple damsel gayly. "That's the tenth. I've netted fifty cents since dinnertime."

### Preparedness.

"Willie, what are you taking that towel out of the house for?"

"Preparedness, ma."

"What do you mean?"

"The gang might make me go swimming with them this morning."

### The Strenuous Diagnosis.

"I hear that Billy is suffering from athletic afflictions."

"In what way?"

"He has a running sore, a jumping toothache, and only a fighting chance of getting rid of them."

### Natural Enterprise.

"How these flowers you planted are shooting up!"

"No wonder; look at all the pistils they have."

### Probable.

"Some philosopher says it is but a few steps from the sublime to the ridiculous."

"He must have been watching some of these new dance steps."

### In Many Ways.

"What do you suppose made that fellow turn [illegible] those?" [illegible] thought it was a safe proposition."

### Postponed It.

The Recruiting Sergeant — "But you surely are not 18 yet?"

The Recruit—"I should have been, sir; but I was ill for a couple of years."

### Their Compromise.

Young Hopkins had become a happy benedict and his father thought it advisable to administer to him a curtain lecture on how to make marriage a success.

"When you have any differences of opinion," he began, "if you are not able to persuade your wife that you are right—and you probably will not be able to, do so—you must compromise."

"Yes, father," replied the son, respectfully.

"And in this connection I will give you a little experience of my own just to illustrate my point. Well do I remember that your mother desired to spend one summer in Switzerland, while I was equally anxious to go to Brighton."

"And how did you arrange a compromise, father?"

"Well, we stayed from Friday to Monday at Brighton and spent the rest of the summer in Switzerland."

### A Selfish Motive.

"And you encourage your wife to take an active interest in politics?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Dubwaite. "I'll tell you how it started. Once upon a time Mrs. Dubwaite tackled a 'steam roller' in a convention. The experience had such a chastening effect on her that for months afterward my place as the head of the household was undisputed."

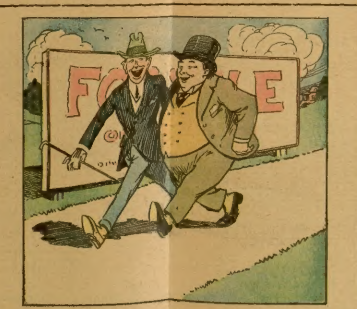
### Intimidated.

Aunt—"Why didn't you scream when he kissed you?"

Niece—"He threatened me."

Aunt—"Threatened you?"

Niece—"Yes; he said if I did he'd never kiss me again."



First Suburbanite—"Did you hear about that stunt Brown did?"
Second Suburbanite—"No. What was it?"
First Suburbanite—"Brown decided to sell his place and move to town again, so he handed it over to a real estate dealer to dispose of. The dealer advertised it in such glowing terms that Brown didn't recognize his own property and sent his wife to buy it at any price."

### COMP'NY.

We're all fussed up when comp'ny comes!
  The house is cleaned with care;
A busy tune the old place hums,
  It's cheerful as it's rare.
And father shaves an' wears a tie
  Altho the weather's warm,
And says we'll have ice cream AND pie,
  Or else he'll raise a storm.

Each face is pleasant an' polite,
  A-smilin' like the moon.
Sis puts her practice out o' sight
  An' plays a regular tune.
The cat, she purrs to see the change,
  The pup is all for play.
I sort o' wish we could arrange
  For comp'ny every day!

### Natural Stock.

"I suppose when we go to buy one, this man you recommend will be out of rings."

"Oh, no. Rings are things which you are bound to find always on hand."

OUT TODAY
FIDDLER'S MAGAZINE
FOREIGN BOOKS

She—"Do you like Shakespeare, Mr. Gammerdinger?"

He—"Vell, Shake's peer iss goot, but I like Looie Schmidt's petter!"

### Selling a Car.

"My good man, will you kindly explain the good points of your car? If they are sufficiently impressive I may purchase."

"The good point about this car," stated the agent briefly, "is that we can let you have a car this season. You won't have to wait until next season."

The stranger gasped and intimated feebly that he would place an order.

### A POOR BORROWER.

When I go out to borrow
  My credit isn't good.
Quite plainly, to my sorrow,
  They make that understood.

If I should borrow trouble,
  No doubt some heart of stone
Would make me put up double
  The value of the loan.

### Business First.

Guest—"I must take the next train. It means money to me! How soon does it go?"

Clerk (country inn)—"I'd lose my job if I told you! It means money to us to keep you here!"

### Morning Grouch.

Porter (knocking on door)—"It's nine o'clock, sir."

Voice of Irate Gentleman Within—"Why didn't you tell me before?"

### More Than One.

After much persuasion Old Bilkins had signed the pledge. The curate was particularly pleased to think that he had succeeded in turning the notorious old toper from the error of his ways.

But judge of the curate's horror when, one pleasant evening, he overtook Bilkins walking along the village street in a distinctly shaky manner.

"Bilkins," said he, in a voice of stern sadness, "I hope you haven't broken your pledge of abstinence?"

"Me, sir? Oh, no, sir!" replied Bilkins, hoarsely. "'Tis the rheumatiz in me legs."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear that you have remained true to your promise," sighed the curate. "Well, good night, my man. It's a lovely evening."

"It is that, sir," said Bilkins, fervently. "And there's some splendid moons."

### A Sad Mistake.

Two correspondents wrote to a country editor to know respectively, "the best way of assisting twins thru the teething period" and "how to rid an orchard of grasshoppers." The editor answered both questions faithfully but, unfortunately, got the names mixed, so that the fond father was thunderstruck by the following advice: "If you are unfortunate enough to be plagued by the little pests, the quickest means of settling them is to cover them with straw and set the straw on fire."

The man bothered with grasshoppers received this reply: "The best way of treatment is to give each a warm bath daily and rub their gums with boneset."

### Something in His Favor.

"There's one thing I will say for that fellow whose mistakes cause so much trouble."

"What is it?"

"He doesn't claim that his intentions were good, anyhow."

### Mean.

"I hear you are to be married soon."

"How did you learn the news? We only decided it a few days ago."

"Oh, bad news travels quickly."

### A Marathon.

He was a college professor, greatly beloved because of his kind heart, but with the common scholastic failing of being absent-minded. He visited his married niece and listened to her praise of her first-born. When she paused for breath, the professor felt that he must say something.

"Can the little fellow walk?" he asked, with every appearance of interest.

"Walk?" cried the mother, indignantly. "Why, he's been walking now for five months!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the professor, again relapsing into abstraction. "What a long way he must have gone!"

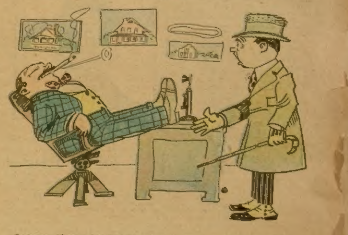
Mrs. Cohen—"And how is business mit Sam?"

Mrs. Levy—"Vell, not so goot! He can't seem to increase his liabilities!"

### Driven to It.

"It only makes bad matters worse to apologize when you happen to spill something on the tablecloth."

"I suppose that's true, on formal occasions," replied Mr. Twobble, thoughtfully, "but whenever I do anything like that at home Mrs. Twobble always looks as if she demanded an apology."



Customer—"I can't find that bungalow site you sold me in Hohokus! And I had difficulty in even finding Hohokus!"
Real Estate Dealer—"You interest me strangely! Where is Hohokus?"

# The Quadroon's Hate.

(Continued From Page 9.)

"Yo' mean de gal [illegible] note?"

"Yes—Electra, a mulatto girl, who lives with the Hastings. Don't you think she is the prettiest yellow girl you ever saw?"

"'Deed I do, Miss Nepha. But she's powerful shy; she doan say nothin' much, only roll dem big eyes o' hern round bashful laik."

"Well, doesn't that make you like her all the more? That gives you a chance to do the courting, doesn't it?"

"Courting. Golly, Miss Nepha! I doan know how to do nothin' laik dat."

Nepha laughed. "I thought it was about time you were getting a sweetheart, Mose, so I picked out one for you. I sent Electra on an errand so you would have a chance to see her; and if you take a fancy to her, you will know how to do the courting. Sam, who belongs to the Charlstons, is awfully sweet on Electra. But he is not worthy of her. Why don't you cut him out, Mose?"

"I doan never see Miss Electra. How yo'-all 'spose I gwine to cut him out?"

"I shall frequently send Electra with messages."

"Yas, Miss Nepha. But you done say in dat note I's to be ready at sunrise to take yo' to town; den yo' done come in de night. I 'spects yo' done send dat message afore yo' knows what yo's talkin' 'bout, jist so's I could see dat yeller gal."

"Things transpired, Mose, that made it necessary for me to start earlier than I intended to. Now, see here, Mose, I am going to tell you something. Can you keep it quiet?"

"Yo' jist try me, Miss Nepha."

"I am going to fight a duel, Mose."

The words came from between the quadroon's lips like bolts of hate. The negro had nearly jumped from his seat. If his black, shiny skin had permitted he would have grown pale.

"Fo' de Lawd sake!" he gasped. "Yo' doan say so?"

"And I want you for my second; I want you to carry my challenge to the man I hate."

"Yo'-all mean yo' is gwine to fight a man, Miss Nepha?"

"Yes, and I want you to go along and see fair play."

"I will do dat 'ar, Miss Nepha," said the young negro, boastfully; "I will see dat he doan kill yo'-all."

They were turning off the main road into the timber as she spoke, and the quadroon went into details which lasted until they reached the house.

"Now," she said, as she alighted and took the sleeping child from the wagon, "feed the mule, and when he is rested I want you to drive me back to town. I must take the train for Richmond to-[illegible]"

Without waiting for the lad's surprised comments she entered the house and turned the child over to Chloe. "I have brought him back to you," she explained. "I want you to care for him until I can find his mother."

Little Lloyd stirred as the negress took him, rubbed his eyes and began to cry.

"Heah, now, honey," Chloe soothed, "doan yo' know who's got yuh?" Whereupon the child stopped crying, and soon the old negress had him smiling. She took him with her to the kitchen and talked to him while she prepared his breakfast.

"I am going to my room for a [illegible] minutes' rest," Nepha called ove[illegible] shoulder. "Call me when M[illegible]"

"Better hab some break[illegible]" Chloe urged.

"I will take a cup of coffee and some toast before I go, if you please, Chloe." Then she hurried up the stairs.

A half-hour later they started. Nepha did not take her friends into her confidence concerning her movements. She knew that the child, Lloyd, would be taken care of until she returned, and she must take the train for Richmond in an effort to see Cecil Lynd and his friend, Avon Walters, before the former had recovered sufficiently to leave the hospital. She had lost much time while attending to Lygia's affairs, and now it might be too late.

How she wished she might be able to conceal herself that night under the little improvised pier, so that she could witness Lloyd's disappointment when he learned from his servant, Sam, that the boy had been stolen from Rosalie. Ah, that was the time she had been too sharp for Lloyd! How he would rave and curse! He would know who was at the bottom of it all, and he would hate her worse than ever now. She gloried in the thought. To make him angry was the delight of her soul.

Once more in town she dismissed Mose and went to the station to wait for the train. Her thoughts turned to Lygia then. Why had she left the hospital? Was it to hide herself that she might not be called upon to testify against the father of her child? If so, what was to be done next?

She pondered on this during her journey, and as the train drew up at her destination she grew excited. She had promised to find Cecil and send him to Ila; but she had lost so much time she feared he might have returned to his home before now.

It was then, as she came face to face with Avon Walters in the corridor of the hospital, as recorded in another chapter, that she cried out: "I must see Mr. Lynd at once!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE FAMILY FEUD.

WOULD they go? That was the question Nepha, the quadroon, asked herself on awakening at her hotel the next morning after visiting Cecil at the hospital. He had been anxious to go to Ila at once; but Avon had persuaded him that he was not yet able to make the journey. He could not leave until discharged by the physicians, his friend insisted.

"If I am at liberty to tell her the whole truth, it might answer the purpose," Nepha said. "I told them nothing, except that I would find her lover and send him to her if such a thing were possible. For you know Mr. Lynd has an enemy—the one who attempted his life. Whoever it is, he's still his enemy, and it is better that you friend's whereabouts are not known, lest he should even yet find some way to do him harm."

"We will trust to your discretion in this matter," Avon replied. "You have been a good friend, stanch and true. I know you will not endanger his life now. Tell Miss Hastings whatever you think best. Assure her that he is still alive, and will surely come to her some day, and it will doubtless facilitate her recovery."

The quadroon turned impulsively and caught his hand.

"The promise you made me—that you would fight this man, this enemy of Mr. Lynd—have [illegible] forgotten it? W[illegible] in earnest when [illegible]ou made it?" sh[illegible]

"I would be [illegible]d to punish the vill[illegible] [illegible]ioned way, as you [illegible]ered. "But now-[illegible] [illegible]y is usually allowed to [illegible] its course. Would not that be better"

He noted the look of disappointment on her f[illegible], and added: "But see here, if this man, whoever he is, has wronged you, I shall be ready to wreak vengeance upon him in your behalf. The days of knight-errantry are not entirely past."

Nepha, the quadroon, dropped the hand she held as one would drop a living coal. She drew herself up with dignity. Her dark eyes snapped.

"He has not wronged me in the way that you mean!" she flashed. "He could not! I would have killed him with my own hands first! But it is not his fault that he has not wrecked my life. It has been his one aim to conquer me, by fair means or foul. His every thought, his every word and look have been an insult to me. He has made my life a hell because he has had the power, the opportunity. If I cannot find some one who will fight him to a finish, I will do it myself. I have already made plans, provided you fail me. A bullet shall find his dastardly heart; but it must be done in fair fight."

Avon Walters looked at the beautiful quadroon wonderingly. He did not quite comprehend her hate.

"His name?" he said. "Tell me."

She hesitated, fearing, perhaps, that the law would take her enemy away from her just vengeance.

"I will produce the villain whenever you are ready," she answered finally. "I will carry your challenge to him, and act as your second. I am capable of doing it, never fear."

"I do not doubt it," he replied heartily, "and I will keep my promise. When Cecil has recovered sufficiently to spare me, I shall be at your service."

"I will wait, then," she said. "Thank you."

They had parted then, he going back to Cecil's room and she to a hotel. The next morning she started for home. On the train she fell into deep meditation, her solemn face noticeable among the other passengers.

The child was now safe, but where was its mother? Somehow she felt that Lygia was working in opposition to her, not for Charlston's sake, but because of her boy. She, like Nepha, had hopes that one day he would inherit his father's name and estate. But there must be no stain upon the family name for him to fall heir to.

At last the train drew up at the home station, and Nepha hired a conveyance to take her to the Hall. She wanted to hunt up Sam before going to Hastings Place. But first she went to her aunt's room and asked if she had heard from Lloyd.

"No," replied Aunt Anna, "and I am getting worried. After all, Nepha, he is my brother's son. I cannot help feeling great concern over his disappearance."

"Quite natural, I suppose," said the quadroon, with a mirthless laugh. "But I, also, am your brother's child. That there is mixed blood in me is your brother's fault, not mine. I have been no discredit to you, like my scapegrace brother has been. If you had loved me as well as you do him, in spite of what he is, wouldn't you have acknowledged me to the world as your brother's child, and given me equal rights with his son?"

"No," replied her aunt, firmly; "if the case had been reversed, and you were the legitimate one, I should have treated Lloyd just as I have treated you. I could not let the world know and comment upon my brother's wrongdoing, and bring open disgrace upon the name of Charlston, which I also bear. All that I have is willed to you to repay you for the loss of what would have been your inheritance had you been born in lawful wedlock instead of being the illegitimate child of an ex-slave. By proclaiming my brother's shame from a sense of duty to you, I would not only have put you in a worse light, but you would have been no more able to share in the inheritance."

"I suppose you are right, Aunt Anna. But it is not for myself I covet the inheritance; it is for one who is legally heir to Charlston. I mean to place the child where he belongs. And so help me Heaven, I will do it!

"Now to ease your mind of all worriment concerning Lloyd, I will assure you that he is quite well. He is simply in hiding until things have blown over a little. Meanwhile, he is trying to work mischief; he would get both Lygia and the boy in his clutches, if possible, and do away with them. Lloyd Charlston will be hung for murder yet, I prophesy." Then she told the old lady of Lloyd's attempt to kidnap the boy.

"I must be alert," she added; "there is no one to protect my sister and her child but me. But there is one thing I believe it necessary for me to know, Aunt Anna, and you can explain it to me if you will. What is the feud between the houses of Lynd and Hastings, in which Lloyd Charlston seems to share?"

"It is a long story, Nepha, and I never quite understood it all. But I will tell you this much: There was a branch of the Lynd family who once lived here in the South. Each of the three families connected with the feud had a son. They were Ebon Lynd, Charles Charlston [illegible] Bender Hastings, respectively. T[illegible]

# Prominent Illinois Folks Testify

People are realizing more and more every day that the kidneys, just as do the bowels, need to be flushed occasionally. The kidneys are an eliminative organ and are constantly working, separating the poisons from the blood. Uric acid backs up into the system, causing rheumatism, neuralgia, dropsy and many other serious disturbances. A remedy for relief of uric acid troubles is now on sale with the principal druggists in every city in Illinois. It was first discovered by Dr. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y. These and many more Illinois people are already singing its praises:

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Mr. Walter Carlson, who resides at 1147 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill., says: "I suffered for four years with pain in m[illegible] I tried everything there was [illegible] they all failed to help me. I even went to [illegible] doctor and he could not cure [illegible] A friend [illegible] advised [illegible] box of [illegible] Tablets [illegible] and the [illegible] the pain in my back was [illegible] I would bend over to get something from the floor I thought m[illegible]

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Mrs. Stella Steckdall of 655 Madison St., Quincy, Ill., says: "I am glad to tell what Dr. Pierce's Anuric has done for me; it is a fine remedy. I have been a great sufferer with my back and hips for years but Anuric did wonders for me. I have taken two 50c bottles of the tablets, and tell everyone what a good medicine it is." —Advertisement

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three were inseparable, until they all fell in love with the same woman, a young widow, who coquetted with them all. She kept them dangling on the string, playing them off against one another. She was treacherous, underhanded and wanton. Intimate with all, she was true to none.

"It happened that she had a fourth lover, whom she really loved, but who was absent at the time. Shortly after his return, and the story of her conduct made known to him, she was found murdered in the summerhouse of her cottage. Suspicion fell upon all three of her regular suitors, but nothing could be proved against any one of them. Her fiance immediately disappeared; but so little was known of him that he was not reckoned in the deal at all, and no one was punished. The three friends, who were already secret enemies because of their rivalry, openly denounced one another. But finally Bender and Charles settled upon Ebon Lynd as the guilty party, and did everything in their power to fasten the crime upon him. He was arrested and brought to trial but was acquitted.

"His former comrades, however, did not believe in his innocence, and they grew more bitter against him until their hatred developed into a family feud. They made life so unbearable for the Lynds that they moved West. That was a long time ago, and Cecil is the grandson of Ebon Lynd. Why this feeling should exist, after so long a time, and among people of culture, is not easily understood."

And the peace-loving, but long-harassed old lady drew a long sigh. Nepha rose to her feet. "Thank you, aunt," she said; "I have been deeply interested in your narrative. But I must go and rest now; I have had scarcely any sleep lately."

"You are getting to be a regular nighthawk, Nepha. Did I tell you—no, I have not had a chance yet—that a young negro, who gave his name as Mose, was here yesterday?"

"Yes?" Nepha held her breath. What could Mose want with her so soon?

"He said that you must come to his place just as soon as possible—that it was important. Now, you haven't chosen a sweetheart from among the colored people, have you?" she finished playfully.

Nepha was too concerned to jest, but she forced a smile. Her heart was sinking like lead in her bosom. Mose would never have come for her except on urgent business. Was the boy ill? Or had its father discovered its hiding-place and stolen it? Sleep and rest for her were not to be thought of now. She must go at once and learn what was wrong at the house in the woods.

"No sweetheart for me, Aunt Anna," she said, as calmly as she could, considering the way in which her heart was beating. "You know I belong to neither the white race nor the black. Neither would care to accept me. I am a mongrel, and only accepted by those of mixed blood, like myself. I shall never marry to perpetuate my kind."

"You are oversensitive about your origin, dear child," Miss Charlston protested. "No one loves you less because of it. It is the soul that counts. Put aside this melancholy view, forget your wrongs, and you will be happy."

Nepha went to the dear, white-haired old lady, who looked so calm and innocent after the many turbulent years of her life, and kissed her withered cheek.

"That is good advice, aunt. And I am happy when I am busy—too busy to think. And just now I haven't time to take the rest I am so much in need of. I must go to Mose and find out what he wants. Don't worry about Lloyd; the devil takes care of his own."

The quadroon started for Negro Jim's with a heavy heart and an anxious mind. Something must be wrong at the house in the wood.

"I am not unhappy," she murmured, "as Aunt Anna seems to think. But there is something peculiar in my composition. I hate the negro race and hate the white. The cross of blood isn't good in my case, the elements of my blood [illegible] seem satisfied. This much I know: The blackest blood in my body is that belonging to the white race. And it is the [illegible] Lloyd Charlton [illegible] the deepest humiliation all my life. I have yet to settle with him for it. I still have something to live for, thank Heaven! And that is—revenge!"

This [illegible] story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. [illegible] stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00 and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

### His Response.

There was a meeting of the new teachers and the old. It was a sort of love feast [illegible] and pretended they didn't have a care in the world. After the eats were et the symposiarch proposed a toast:

"Long live our teachers!"

It was drunk enthusiastically. One of the new teachers was called on for [illegible]. He modestly accepted. His answer was:

"What on?"

### THANKSGIVING.

I've been countin' up my blessin's, I've
been summin' up my woes.
But I ain't got the conclusion some
would nat'rally suppose;
Why, I quit a-countin' troubles 'fore I
had a half a score,
While the more I count my blessin's,
I keep findin' more an' more!

There's been things that wasn't exactly
as I thought they'd ought t' be
An' I've often growled at Providence fer
not a-pettin' me
But I hadn't stop to reckon what the
other side had been
How much o' good an' blessin' had been
thickly crowded in.

Fer there's been a gift o' sunshine after
every shower o' tears
An' I've found a load of laughter scattered
all along the years.
If the thorns have pricked me sometimes,
I've good reason to suppose
Love has hid 'em often from me 'neath
the rapture of th' rose.

So I'm goin' to still be thankful fer the
sunshine an' the rain,
For the joy that's made me happy; fer
th' purgin' done by pain;
Fer the love o' little children; fer the
friends that have been true;
Fer the guidin' Hand that's led me every
threatenin' danger thru!

* * *

## Caught.

He had no stomach for the army, but presented himself for examination with a "sure trick" up his sleeve to "work his ticket." He was physically perfect, but his eyesight was shocking—so bad, indeed, that the sergeant thought the doctor should see him.

"First class physically," pronounced the doctor, but when the medical man applied the eye tests the would be recruit's sight appeared much worse than when the sergeant had him in hand.

"No, no, my man; with sight like that you're no use for the army," said the medico. "But you ought to get glasses. Stay, I've a pair like microscopes and if you see with them you can have them."

The spectacles were produced and fitted on and the recruit at once cried, "Oh, I see splendidly."

"Do you now?" said the doctor, with sarcasm. "Take him along, Sergeant, and get him sworn in. There's no glass in the spectacles."

* * *

## Dinah Consented.

A young colored man asked permission of his employer to use the telephone, as he wished to speak to a colored girl employed at another residence. Upon receiving consent he explained:

"You see, it's dis way. I loves dat gal an' wants to ask her to marry me, but I ain't got de grit to ask her [illegible] mouth,' an' so I wants to use de phone. I'll just call her up. Hello! Is dat Dinah?"

"No. Will call her."

"Hello! Dat you, Dinah?"

"Ye-as."

"Dinah, you knows I think a heap of you."

"Ye-as."

"An' I bin tryin' to make you think a heap of me."

"Ye-as."

"I more dan thinks a heap of you. I loves you, Dinah."

"Ye-as."

"Now, Dinah—I—er—wants to ask you if you will marry me?"

"Ye-as, indeedy! Who is dis what's talkin' to me?"

* * *

## Wonderful Animal.

"Talking about the intelligence of animals," said young Browne, "why, I have a dog up at the farm that's simply wonderful.

"I was out shooting one day, when I found a large, handsome dog lying on the ground, moaning with pain. Some ruffian had shot it in the leg. I carried it home, bandaged the wound, and finally cured the poor beast. Some months after that I was compelled to travel on a lonely road after dark, when suddenly Ponto, who accompanied me, began to growl warningly. The next moment a ruffian stepped out of the bushes and put a pistol to my head."

"Ah!" cried the listener, "I see. Thereupon the grateful dog seized the robber by the throat, while you——"

"Not at all. The man robbed me easily enough, took watch, purse, everything."

"But Ponto?"

"Ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. That's the point, don't you see? Animal instinct—didn't want to get shot again."

# The Smuggler.

(Continued From Page 5)

in his pocket, when his wife's hair was almost black?"

"I wish I had not opened it," repeated Elizabeth [illegible]. "How shall I ever explain doing it? And to whom shall we return it?"

[illegible] bal message that he had given it to us by mistake.

"And," concluded Gabrielle, "we won't ask any questions as to whose hands it falls into, altho I should like to know all about it."

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you [illegible] constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

### REAL PUMPKIN PIE.

Let New [illegible]
Served with brown bread on the side,
Cod or clams or pork and greens—
Such things I will not deride—
But none knows what gladness means
Who has never pumpkin pied

I don't mean the flat and wide
Pie less favored people know,
With a leather underside
Made of tough and gummy dough,
With its filling slowly dried—
That's a pie that causes woe

Not the kind baked in a tin
By a novice at the game,
With the filling painted in
Thinly; that is not the same
One greets with a drooling grin—
That is only pie in name.

I speak of [illegible]
With a flaky undercrust
That makes epicures to sigh
And [illegible]
Eat another slab or die,
Pass up for some more or "bust."

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NEW YORK, N. Y.—Since the remarkable discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron or "Fer Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm. It is conservatively estimated that over five million persons daily are taking it in this country alone. [illegible] a new age of far more beautiful, rosy-cheeked women and vigorous men.

Dr. King, a New York physician and [illegible] anemia. [illegible] The skin of anemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the [illegible] cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave [illegible]

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food [illegible] salt."

Dr. Sauer, who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If [illegible] throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from [illegible] blood.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked [illegible] and vitality [illegible] young man h[illegible] worn and nearly all in [illegible] with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become w[illegible] and sickly looking, just like [illegible] trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test. See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-[illegible] you have gained [illegible] nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of [illegible] liver and other troubles in [illegible] fourteen days' time simply [illegible] iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any ben[illegible] iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her [illegible] strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the [illegible] woman und[illegible] is dispensed [illegible]

# Classified Want Ads

## Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

## SALESMEN WANTED

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—EXPERIENCE unnecessary. Earn big pay while you learn at home during spare time. Only eight weeks required. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of students we have placed in positions paying $100 to $500 per month. Address nearest office. Dept. B-37, National Salesmen Training Ass'n, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

## AGENTS WANTED

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD IF this is not the greatest money-making house-to-house proposition. N. R. G. Little Wizard Labor Saver washes clothes in 10 minutes, without rubbing. Contains no lime, lye, paraffin, wax or other injurious chemical and cannot possibly injure the clothes or hands. Nothing like it on the market. Positively the wonder of the age—sells for 15c, enough for 5 family washings. We supply one free sample with every package you buy and guarantee the sale of same. Just leave the free sample with the housewife and, when you call again, she is eagerly awaiting to become your steady customer. Secure territorial rights at once, or you will regret it. A 1c postal brings sample and full particulars. Farquhar-Moon Mfg. Co., Desk D205, 140 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

EVERY HOME ON FARM, IN SMALL TOWN or suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal-oil) mantle lamp, five times as bright as electric, tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading universities; awarded gold medal; one farmer cleared over $500 in 6 weeks; hundreds with rigs or autos earning $100 to $300 per month; no capital required; we furnish goods on time to reliable men; write quick for distributor's proposition, and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 407 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NEW EXPANDING CUFF BUTTON, PERmits cuffs to be raised above elbows without unbuttoning or touching same. Greatest convenience and laundry saver ever invented, for starched or soft cuffs. Every man needs them. Easy sales. Large profits. Sells like wild fire when shown. Guaranteed. No capital required. Honest proposition. Live agents wanted everywhere. Flexo, Sheboygan, Wis.

AGENTS! UNPRECEDENTED OPPORTUNity to make good money selling wonderful Angle Lamps. Bought as soon as seen. Brilliant light below lamp where needed. 16 hours one quart oil. No shadow—smoke—odor. Crackerjack to demonstrate. Send for proposition to Dept. B, Angle Mfg Co., 244 W. 23rd St., New York City.

AGENTS—REVISED PRICES—BIG INcrease in profits. Free sample and particulars Delbare's Naptha Washing Tablets. Wash clothes clean without rubbing. Guaranteed not to injure the finest fabric. No acids, lime or caustics. Manufactured by Naptha Washing Tablet Company, 714 So. Dearborn, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System [illegible] N. J.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED [illegible] Carter, Tenn., sold [illegible] You can do same. [illegible]

MAKE MONEY-MAKING PROPOSITION for a few new agents to sell sanitary brushes for all purposes; exclusive territory; no competition; big profits. Puritan Co., Dept. B, 1966 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—500% PROFIT; GOLD AND SILver sign letters for store and office windows. Any one can put on. Write today for free sample. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS! HIGHLY PROFITABLE RETURNS selling our Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Biggest Proposition. Write at once. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. CA 425 Broadway, New York.

PORTRAIT AGENTS SEND FOR OUR large catalog. 16x20 frames 14c up. Portraits at 35c. Samples free. Credit given. Address Friedman Mfg. Co., Box 120, Martinsburg, Mo.

1916's SENSATION! 11-PIECE TOILET ARticle set selling like blazes at $1, with $1 carving set free! Whirlwind stunt! Newcome made $18 one day! Write M. Pierce Co., 904 Lake St., Chicago.

YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT A tailormade suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 415, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

AGENTS; COOPER MADE $314 LAST month, $91 last week selling "Kantleak" Raincoats. New proposition. We deliver and collect. Sample coat Free. Comer Mfg. Co., 6 Card street, Dayton, Ohio.

MEN AND WOMEN; $1500 to $3000 YEARLY taking orders for over 90 Household Articles. Outfit Free. Big Chance. Full particulars. Duo Factories, Dept. B 56, North Java, N. Y.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPREsentatives to sell [illegible] underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS—SELL RELIABLE CUSTOM MADE raincoats. Big commission. Complete sample line free. Temple Raincoat Co., Box 61, Templeton, Mass.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. [illegible] Imperial Mfg. Co. [illegible]

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

AGENTS, 100% PROFIT SELLING SACHETS. Big demand. Sample, 10c. United States Products Co., Chicago.

$10 PER 1,000 ALLOWED DISTRIBUTING free soap samples. Pocket Soap Co., Lebanon, N. H.

## HELP WANTED

WISH TO HEAR AT ONCE FROM RELIABLE single man capable of managing large ranch successfully. Address W-W. Ranch 314 Farmingdale, So. Dak.

## HELP WANTED—(Continued)

THOUSANDS MEN AND WOMEN WANTED for Government jobs. $75.00 month. Steady work. Short hours. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free list positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dep't R 30, Rochester, N. Y.

$40 WEEKLY, REPORTING NAMES, INformation. All or spare time. Men, women. Capital unnecessary. No canvassing. Be our representative. National Information Exchange, 205 Bromley Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

LADY OR GENTLEMAN TO TRAVEL FOR old-established firm. No canvassing. Staple line. $18 weekly, pursuant to contract. Expenses advanced. G. K. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WE WILL PAY YOU $75.00 PER MONTH to travel, collect names, advertise and distribute samples. Expenses advanced. Write today. Stanton Co., 202 Pope Bldg., Chicago.

OVER $2 DAILY EASILY EARNED KNITting at home. Auto-Knitters furnished on time. Send 2c stamp. Dept. 78, Auto Knitter Co., 147 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN TO BECOME CHAUFfeurs. $[illegible] week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R 810, Rochester, N. Y.

$25 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. Superba Co., W52, Baltimore, Md.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY—$30 WEEKLY FOR your spare time. Address Box 4, Flatbush P. O. Station, Brooklyn.

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR FARMERS' names. Send dime for contract. Sun, Leroy, Mich.

## MALE HELP WANTED

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS OPEN the way to good government positions. I can coach you by mail at small cost. Full particulars free to any American citizen of eighteen or over. Write today for booklet, C. E. 1034, Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

"GOOD MONEY MADE AT HOME KNITting hosiery." Machines furnished on time. We buy or sell your goods. Easy and constant work. Wheeler Co. (Inc.) Dept. 101, 337 Madison, Chicago."

NO STRIKE: 8 HOUR DAY. MEN EVERYwhere. Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, $120. Colored Porters. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

BE AN AUTOMOBILE EXPERT IN SIX weeks. Our big book tells you how. Automobile Training School, 1052 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED. Commence $75.00 month. Sample examinations questions free. Franklin Institute, Dep't R 170, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 329 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

25 MORE INEXPERIENCED MEN QUICK for detectives. Easy work, big pay. Box 4488, Akron, Ohio.

SILVER MIRRORS, PLATING TABLEware, auto-brass. Home plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2 Marion, Ind.

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

WILL PAY RELIABLE WOMAN $25.00 TO distribute Free (not to sell) 200 pkgs. Borax Soap Powder among friends. No money required. B. W. Ward Company, 782 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

"LADIES—MAKE $50.00 EASY. ONLY A few minutes of your time required. No canvassing. Write for particulars. Lockeland Mfg. & Imp. Co., Dept. B, Nashville, Tenn."

WANTED—LADIES TO SEW SOLES, GOOD pay weekly, goods cut ready for machine, transportation paid, no canvassing. Address, with envelope, No-ak Insoles, Danville, Ill.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

## MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $100 EACH. OBtain free booklet, "How to Write Photoplays." Universal Publishing Company, 169 Fergus Falls, Minnesota.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS, SHORT STORIES, poems; $100 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344, Cincinnati.

## MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$50.00—NIGHTLY START IN THE MOVing picture business, on our installment plan. No experience necessary. Catalog free. Monarch Film Service, 228 Union Ave. Dept. C, Memphis, Tenn.

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog Free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

## FARM LANDS

PROSPERITY IN CANADA—$900,000,000 IN new wealth added in 1915. Enormous crops and low taxation make farmers rich. Wheat average, 36.16 bushels per acre in Alberta, 28.75 bushels per acre in Saskatchewan, 28.50 bushels per acre in Manitoba. Taxes average $24 and will not exceed $35 per quarter section, includes all taxes; no taxes on improvements. Free schools and full religious liberty good climate. Get your farm home from the Canadian Pacific Railway. 20 years to pay. Good land from $11 to $30 per acre; irrigated lands from $35, and the government guarantees your land and water titles. Balance, after first payment, extended over nineteen years, with interest at 6%; privileges of paying in full any time. Before final payment becomes due your farm should have paid for itself. We will lend you up to $2,000 in improvements in certain districts, with no security other than the land itself. Particulars on request. Ready-made farms for sale. Special easy terms. Loans for livestock. In defined districts, after one year's occupation, under certain conditions, we advance cattle, sheep and hogs to farmers up to a value of $1,000. We want you; we can afford to help you. We own the land; we want the land cultivated. Our interests are mutual. Buy direct and get your farm home from the Canadian Pacific Railway. Send for free book. J. S. Dennis, Assistant to the President, Canadian Pacific Railway, 94 Ninth Ave., Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

GOOD NEWS FOR FARMERS! A 320-ACRE homestead (Government land) near the Burlington Railroad in Northwestern Wyoming, for the filing fee, $22, plus locating charges, and 160 acres of adjoining pasture land for $1.25 per acre. 480 acres for $222. Think of it! Timber for posts, fuel, etc., nearby, free to settlers. These lands are valuable for mixed farming, dairying and stock raising. Better get one of these homesteads before they are all taken up. I am employed by the Burlington to help you locate. My services are free. Neither the company nor myself have any land for sale. Send for map and particulars. S. B. Howard, Immigration Agent, Burlington Railroad, 25 Q Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

## MISSOURI LAND

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5.00 DOWN, $5.00 monthly buys 40 acres productive land, some timber, near town, price $200.00. $10.00 monthly buys 80 acres. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

SMALL MISSOURI FARM. $10 CASH AND $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Munger, C-107, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## FARM LANDS FOR SALE

VIRGINIA, N. C., W. VA., AND OHIO FARMS at $15.00 per acre and up offer big value for the price. Best climate, markets, schools and transportation. Good land and neighbors. Write F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade, Roanoke, Va.

## FARMS WANTED

FARMS WANTED— HAVE 7,000 BUYERS; describe your unsold property. 504 Farmers Exchange, Denver, Colo.

## REAL ESTATE

A SMALL FARM IN CALIFORNIA WILL make you more money with less work. You will live longer and better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools and churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, AT&SF Ry., 1931 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVESTORS' MAGAZINE FREE TO YOU. $100 invested with us has made others $3000 in few months. Our magazine, "Hoffman's Investment Journal," tells how this was done. This magazine gives facts about the real earning power of money. Tells how many have started on the road to fortune. To introduce it we will send three months free. If you want to make money, write today saying, "send your magazine." Hoffman Trust Company, 339 Kress Bldg., Houston, Texas

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil wells that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $1 monthly, complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Co., 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

MEN AND WOMEN—$3.00 DAILY; SPARE time at home, no canvassing, success guaranteed. Write today. Hiram Barton, 314 West 48 St., New York.

$26.50 STARTS NEW LEGITIMATE ENTERprise—$20 profits daily—All or spare time —No competition—No canvassing. Orolo Co., Louisville, Ky.

START SMALL WHOLESALE BUSINESS without investment. Particulars free. Mo-Mex Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

## OLD COINS WANTED

$2 TO $600 EACH PAID FOR HUNDREDS of Coins. Keep all money dated before 1895 and send ten cents for new illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. It may mean your fortune. Get posted. Clarke Coin Company, Box 70, Le Roy, N. Y.

## LITHO LETTER-HEADS

LITHOGRAPHED LETTER HEADS, 1000 for $4.50. Good Grade Envelopes, printed return card, 1M $2.40. Printed Letter Heads 1M $2.50. Samples, Prices, Catalog Free. Dept. No. 21, Nosco, Zion City, Ill.

## PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model, of your invention. My patent sales service gets full value. 1916 Edition ninety-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 260 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" is a 72-page treatise telling what to invent and where to sell it. Manufacturers constantly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Books free. H. S. Hill, 933 McLachlen Building, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. IT MAY BRING wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Waters and Co. Succeeded by Talbert & Parker, 4276 Warder Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly, 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

SHORTHAND. INTERNATIONAL UNIgraph is the most rapid, readable system and most quickly learned. First lesson papers 10c. Unigraph School, F. K. 271, Princeton, N. J.

TAKIGRAPHY. BEST SHORTHAND, [illegible] mail. Particulars free. M. M. Co., A257, W. 64th st, Chicago.

## PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC.

SEND US YOUR IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form —correct Free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Make money. Get details now. Writer's Selling Service, 10 Main, Auburn, N. Y.

## SONG POEMS

SONG WRITERS' "KEY TO SUCCESS" free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

## PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, WITH Lame Back, Despondency, Failing Memory, Loss of Ambition, unfitting you for work or business. Remember we are specialists in all diseases of men. Book symptoms blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute 22 Washington ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIAList will obtain his latest book on symptoms and cure of varicocele, stricture and urinary diseases. Every man should have it; postage 4 cents. Send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PERSONAL—WANTED QUICK—NAME AND address of reliable single man who would marry wealthy lady who could assist him financially. Enough said. If interested, write quick for more particulars. Address Allen Ward (B 520), Valley, Nebr.

ACNE—FACIAL ERUPTIONS, RED NOSE; the cause removed; marks, scars, discolorations eradicated; natural skin restored. Book for stamp. Dr. Rodgers, 36 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

MARRY RICH. BE HAPPY AND PROSPERous. Big list of descriptions and photos of congenial people with means free. Sealed, confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 607, Grayslake, Ill.

LOVE & HAPPINESS CLUB—OPEN FOR new members this month. Amusing, beneficial, correspondence privileges. Send dime and stamp for membership card. Cupid Co., Conshohocken, Pa.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian Secrets and many other rare books. Catalog 2c. Star Novelty Co., E 201, Camden, N. J.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

REAL PHOTOS, ARTISTS' MODELS, BATHing girls, etc. Silver dime brings sample and catalog. B. W. Shaw, 18 Bowdoin St., Boston.

HELP FOR MEN: VICTIMS OF WEAKNESS and Debility. Sexoid will cure you. Mail $1 per box. Money returned if it fails. Dr. T. Pierce, Seattle, Wash.

RELIABLE CLUB ESTABLISHED 10 YEARS. Large list wealthy members. Confidential; descriptions free. Mrs. Wrubel, 732 Madison, Oakland, Cal.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, ADdresses and descriptions, 3 months 25c. Ladies' ads published free. R. Anderson, Box 404, Sheridan, Wyo.

55 VALUABLE FORMULAS, TRICKS, ILlusions in our interesting magazine; two issue for 10c. Novelville News, Lyons, Ill

$5.00 ASSORTMENT PRETTY POSTCARDS and coupon for 10c postage. Sage Supply House, Cassopolis, Mich.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR BANISHED FORever by new method. Guaranteed. Waco, Box 30, Arco, Minn.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Mailed free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

GET MARRIED; LARGE, HANDSOMELY illustrated matrimonial magazine mailed free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY RICH, HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

# Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1886, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 60 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

**BACK NUMBERS.**

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

5,000,000

READERS WEEKLY.

## GENTLE JABS

The grave is a narrow escape from life.

After Thanksgiving the next stop will be Christmas.

If you sit in a draft the doctor may cash it for you

Many a good-looking woman isn't as good as she looks.

Few of us believe in luck—unless we happen to be unlucky.

This is a lucky nation to have so many reasons for thankfulness.

A dead sure thing is often dead enough to interest an undertaker.

Love may not be a disease, but it is frequently of a rash nature.

Some men who live by their wits have to get along on very small capital.

Some magazine poetry should be used as ammunition in a magazine gun.

An old bachelor says a woman's heart is like a honeycomb—full of sells.

Women always think they mean what they say—at the time they let it out.

The only satisfaction some married women have is that they are not spinsters.

A married man seldom gets the last word, because of his inability to remain awake.

It makes no difference whose name is on the safe provided you hold the combination.

At least the Thanksgiving turkey may be grateful that it cannot also serve for Christmas.

The man who starts out to look for trouble usually ends by having it thrust upon him.

Adam had his foibles, but the records fail to indicate that he was ever guilty of telling fish stories.

There are higher things in life for a woman than a good complexion—a pretty bonnet, for instance.

Even when a leap-year girl gets turned down she can't help but admire the young man's judgment.

Thursday will be the day when one-half of the turkey world won't know how the other half dies.

His first love and his first shave are two episodes in every young man's career that he never forgets

If a man succeeds the world envies him; if he fails it openly sympathizes with him—and secretly rejoices.

The father who is always repeating the bright sayings of his children may be good-natured, but he is tedious.

Still, no pumpkin pie has ever yet lived up to the gorgeous, golden, glittering promise of a ripe pumpkin in the field on a frosty morning.

# Home and Health

### THANKSGIVING MENUS.

NO. 1.

Olives  Celery
Consomme
Turkey Elizabeth.
Sweet Potatoes.
Mince pie.  Strawberry parfait.
Coffee.

NO. 2.

Pea soup.
Roast Vermont turkey, chestnut dressing.
Mashed potatoes with cream.
Plum pudding.
Coffee.

TURKEY ELIZABETH—A turkey stuffed with force meat of either chicken or ham into which you mix a quantity of pitted and skinned grapes. The turkey is nicely browned in the oven, then taken out and covered with a thin layer of dough, so as to show the shape. Finish cooking in a slow oven. Serve jelly and bread sauce with it.

ROAST TURKEY WITH CHESTNUT DRESSING—Select a small turkey, not too fat, but quite fleshy; bone the entire front part, leaving the breast skin as long as possible, also the thighs; diminish the thickness of the fillets and place these pieces where there is no meat so as to equalize the thickness of the meat.

Season inside of the breasts—stuff with following: One pound forcemeat, four baked onions, minced; two sliced apples, fried in butter; four rolls; one egg, soaked in milk, one pound peeled chestnuts, half cooked in chicken broth, with two spoonfuls sugar and celery flavor; season salt; allspices, pepper, and braise it for an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half on a very slow fire, and at the last moment glaze, drain off and undress the turkey.

Surround it with chipolata garnishing, into which a good brown gravy with Madeira wine had been added, reduced with the braise stock; pour a part of the sauce over the turkey and serve the remainder separately.

❦

### A COLONIAL THANKSGIVING.

Gathered in the low-ceilinged, oak beamed room, with its cheery fireplace, sending up crimson sparks, we patterned our manners according to our costumes.

Priscilla and Miles Standish were the host and hostess, she clad in a gown of lavender crepe, short of skirt and bodice, full of sleeve, cap and fichu, apron and cuffs of finest white lawn.

Beside her stood the doughty Miles in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather. The last guest arrived, in due order we proceeded to the dining-room.

The table of our ancestors was always a long one, covered with a white damask cloth, and in the center one of the dearest old pewter platters! Upon this rested a blue bowl filled with shaggy yellow chrysanthemums. Thus were represented buff and blue, favored colors of "ye olden time."

All of Priscilla's table accessories were of silver and glass in colonial pattern, with china of deep blue. Furnishing all the light necessary were brass and silver candlesticks with yellow shades

The triumph of our hostess was in the menu, for the food of the hardy pilgrims is not dainty enough for these days Priscilla easily overcame the difficulty. The first course was a clear amber soup, served in small, yellow bowls; in this soup were tiny balls of egg yolks rolled in grated Parmesan cheese Then came a whole salmon boiled with head and tail on, shaped on a big silver platter in the form of a letter "S." This was garnished with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley. An oyster sauce, rich and yellow, was served in a gravy boat, and boiled potatoes with a butter sauce.

The third course was a small roast pig with a golden green apple in his mouth, served with cider sauce and browned sweet potato slices. Following this came a golden punch, which was simply an orange ice with candied ginger in it. This was extremely modern, but a great help in digesting an extremely colonial dinner

Next came a salad, extremely pretty, served in orange skins and composed of celery and cabbage with a little green pepper and covered with mayonnaise.

The delectable dinner ended with a boiled Indian pudding cut in slices and served with cream and shaved maple sugar; pumpkin molds of French ice cream. With this went pieces of yellow sponge cake, not cut, but broken.

Of course, large cups of coffee with a generous allowance of cream finished the repast.

Meeting Priscilla next day in her true colors, also costume, I whispered, "The platter, dear, an heirloom; and the cute little buff and blue bowls

"Found in an old shop—that silver plate—and the 10-cent store furnished the bowls. So useful afterward in the kitchen."

"Always true [illegible]

❦

### FASHION NOTES.

A taffeta straight line frock has the pleated skirt of plaid taffeta, the waist of plain and the sleeves and collar of crepe

Large circular veils are more popular than ever, but one now rarely sees them in bright colors. Midnight blue, embroidered all around the border in fine silver, is a leading favorite; or black net with a fairy-like tracery of jet.

Coats are made in every length from those that reach almost to the skirt hem to models that extend but a short way below the waist line. While the long jacket is generally preferred, yet there are so many modifications of this style that one will readily find a suitable mode Sometimes the upper part of the long-skirted coat is loose at the waist line, or a sash or side trimming of fur that modifies the long, sweeping lines is introduced.

There is a tendency to raise the waist line slightly, especially in front. Some of the new straight dresses show something like a Directoire waist line in front, while the loose sash hangs low at the back. Other models have the opposite tendency. On the whole, it is certain that rather short waists will be popular for the next few months. And it also is certain that the Directoire outline will exercise a considerable influence on our evening gowns of the near future.

❦ ❦ ❦

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"Sweet are the uses of adversity," quoted the Philosopher

"You can have mine," said the Mere Man. "I don't care for sweets"

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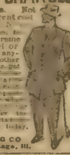

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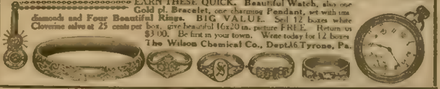

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# Ned Castleman's Nerve

## Or, A Million at Stake

### By Captain Jack Judson

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CHAPTER I.

"WANTED, A BOY."

"THEY don't seem to want a boy on Broadway," said a stout, well-built youth, who stepped from the doorway of a tall building and looked up and down the busy street alive with humanity. "I guess I will have to look or a job elsewhere."

He walked away whistling, for he was a cheerful boy under all circumstances and presently he seemed to have forgotten his failure. He had not gone far when he noticed a little dark-faced man hanging a sign in a window, and when the man had disappeared Ned Castleman went forward and read:

"BOY WANTED.
"A Quick, Alert Business Boy
"Inquire within, Room 339,
"Third Floor."

"I'll just try that," murmured Ned, diving into the building, and in a few moments the elevator had carried him to the designated floor and he halted at door 339.

He pushed it open and ushered himself into a small office-like room in which sat two men. One was the person whom he had seen hang the placard in the window, and the other was a giant in size with a large face and steely blue eyes. To be plain, Ned did not like their looks

"I see you want a boy," said he, by way of introduction, "and I thought I might fill the bill.

"You look pretty good," replied the little man, with a quick glance at his companion. "Yes, we do want a boy, one who has some business qualities and can keep [illegible]

Ned waited for more

"This is the office of the Great Alaska Diamond Company," pursued the man. "What is your name, boy?"

"Ned Castleman."

"Live in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your main duties will be to take care of the office when we are out. Wages will be seven per week for a starter, with a raise if you prove worthy. Can you work a typewriter?"

"I think myself pretty proficient in that regard

"Good!"

"We are going out on business," said the big man. "If any one calls say we are out of the city and will not be in for a few days."

"And don't let any one coddle or get the best of you," the other one admonished. "But I think, from the look of you, we can depend on your judgment."

In another minute the boy was left alone. He could hardly believe that he had found a job so quickly. It seemed a dream and he congratulated himself on his luck. Picking up a paper he was soon absorbed in the account of a burglary in another part of the city and did not hear the door open and close. When he looked around he saw a man seated in a chair regarding him with a singular stare. It was a face he never forgot. There was but one eye in the man's head and one of the cheeks carried a livid scar.

The man was fairly well dressed, but for all this there was something repellent, not to say dangerous, about him. He was looking straight at the boy and seemed to be calculating the distance between them.

"Is this the office of Barrow & Batch?" he suddenly snapped, the long eye shining like a serpent's.

"Yes, sir."

"And the precious rascals are out, eh?"

"The gentlemen are out of the city," answered Ned.

"Gentlemen? By George! that's good!" laughed the other. "I guess I'll attend to business."

He flew from his chair like a bolt from a catapult, and landed with full force upon the boy before he could move a muscle. Ned was shoved back over his seat and held in the grip of a vise. He was like putty in the man's hands. In a second the evil-eyed individual produced a [illegible] from his pocket and Ned was bound in a trice, the job being so well done that he was helpless.

"There!" said the victor, stepping back. "They don't get ahead of Old Condor. I never miss my mark. Now I'll take a look thru the nest."

He forthwith proceeded to go thru everything that took his fancy. He opened drawers and looked into desks [illegible] He went over to the iron safe, but found it locked, at which he emitted numerous oaths. Then he came over to his young prisoner and cried:

"Give me the combination!"

"I don't know it," was the reply.

"You mean they didn't trust you that [illegible]

"You're right; they didn't."

The man seemed to find nothing to his liking, for he went to one of the desks and sat down. Drawing some papers toward him, he wrote for a few moments and then got up

"They'll untie you when they come back," he said, glancing at the [illegible] "When they read what I've written they'll know who has called."

With a final look at Ned the one-eyed man left the room and the boy heard his footsteps in the outer hall for a second or two.

"He's a whirlwind," thought Ned when he got second wind. "If I can twist out of this I'll follow the scamp. I never saw a man like that.

After a good deal of twisting the cords began to give, and with a cry of victory Ned Castleman found himself free. His first act was to compose himself as best he could; then he bolted for the door and was soon at the elevator. It was just going down, and he landed in it out of breath.

When he reached the ground floor he rushed into the street and looked around. Nothing was to be seen of the human cyclone

"Hello, Ned!" said a voice at his ear. "Got a job yet?"

Ned whirled and faced a boy of his own age.

"Yes but no explanations now," said he. "I've had the adventure of my life. Did you see a little man with one eye—"

"Nearly ran over me a minute ago," interrupted the other boy.

"Eh? Which way did he go?"

"That way," was the reply, and Ned was directed down the street. "What is he to you?"

"Never you mind, Billy. I'll see you later," and Ned was gone.

It seemed like looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack to hope to find the one-eyed man, but to Ned's surprise he saw him standing at the curb not half a block away.

The boy looked round for a policeman, but not one was in sight.

"I'll watch him, anyway," he thought, and glided forward, when the man suddenly turned and caught sight of him.

With the coolness of the real desperado he came toward Ned and audaciously stopped in front of him.

"See here," said he, bending forward with a dangerous twang in his voice, "if you dog me I'll mash every bone in your body! I had a right to do what I did, and you'll know it one of these days. I'm the most dangerous man in this city. Follow me and meet the doom you deserve!"

The last word was followed by an abrupt turn and Ned saw his man walking coolly away. In another moment he was lost in the surging crowd, leaving the young employe of Barrow & Batch staring at the place that had swallowed him up.

The afternoon was nearing its close. The tall buildings were casting long shadows across the street, but Ned did not notice these things. Suddenly he thought of the office and bolted back.

The first thing that caught his eye was the paper which the wild man had left on the open desk. He snatched it up and with distended eyes read as follows:

> "I'm back on the old trail. Don't think I'm going to lose the big game. It's too precious. There's too much at stake, and, then, I wouldn't be Old Condor if I flunked now."

That was all. It was mystery to Ned Castleman, but he knew it meant much to his employers

"I'll have to give it up," he said to himself. "But what will the firm say when they come back?"

He sat down to pull himself together and collect his thoughts.

The door suddenly opened, and the boy's eyes nearly started from his head when they alighted on a handsomely dressed woman who stalked forward without an invitation. She did not stop until she had reached the desk, and all at once her eyes caught sight of the message which the boy had just read. She lost every vestige of color; her breath came hard, and Ned wondered.

"What! That man here? she suddenly cried, picking up the paper and holding it toward the boy.

"Yes."

A strange smile gathered at her lips.

"Are you employed by the firm?" she abruptly questioned.

"I entered their employ this very day."

Gathering her wits with an effort, the woman approached Ned and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"I don't know what they pay you," she said, lowering her voice. "I'll pay you better. I'll give you one thousand dollars per week if you'll be my spy

The offer nearly took the boy's breath. He could say nothing; he fell back in his chair and stared blankly into the woman's face

CHAPTER II.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

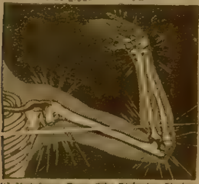
A THOUSAND dollars a week! Ned's eyes bulged at the very thought of it. He had already made up his mind that his employers were rascals of the

Rheumatism

Remarkabe Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.

Send No Money—Just Your Address.

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson, of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:



"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as [illegible] for [illegible]. I tried remedy after remedy, [illegible] after [illegible], but such relief as I [illegible] was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply fill out the coupon below and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491 Blairsville, Pa.

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Once upon a time Edwin Putnam, who lives in the quiet, pretty hamlet of Wendel Depot, Mass., climbed up into a loft to get some building material, just as many another man living in the country must often do. Suddenly he slipped and fell. Ten feet below was a pile of wood, knotted and gnarled. It was a nasty tumble, and Mr. Putnam was injured painfully in the back, he was covered with bruises, and was sore from head to foot.

The next day he bought a bottle of Sloan's Liniment which had been recommended to him. Within a very few hours the soreness had vanished and the lameness had disappeared. He was an active man once more.

Sloan's Liniment can be obtained at all drug stores, 25c., 50c., and $1.00.

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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells. Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements [illegible]

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Each square here represents a letter — but figures are used instead of letters. There are 26 letters in the alphabet. Letter A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. The six squares make six letters and spell two words which will interest you mightily. If you can make out the words send them with a 2c stamp to cover postage — agree to show my offer and [illegible] to your friends and I will send you a gift package that will surely please you. Send 2 cent stamp quick.
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Or scold older persons who wet the bed [illegible] control their water during the night or day for [illegible] not a habit but a Disease. If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness write today for a Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved tell your friends about it. Send No Money. Address
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deepest dye and needed watching, yet he did not care to desert them on the spur of the moment.

"Look here, boy," continued the strange woman, breaking in upon his thoughts. "You don't know what these human wolves are up to. I know all about them. Listen! Just now they are planning to rob old Hector Iliff of his million. He lives with a young girl who is his niece and ward. The plan is for Basil Batch to marry the girl, and——"

"What, that human serpent?" broke in Ned.

"Just so, and soon after the wedding the old man will die. See how the game is working, don't you? Now I want some one to watch these two men; you can do it to perfection. But you can't do it if you are shut up in this rat-hole all the time. You must get out so as to be on their trail. You can call me the Countess if you wish; that will be name enough. Will you do it?"

"I—I——"

"Oh, very well!" said she. "Make up your mind soon. Here's where I live," and she threw a scrawled card before the boy. "If you don't care, I'll take the note Old Condor left," and she pocketed it with consummate coolness. "If you could see the girl thru whom the scamps are planning to rob old Iliff, you'd enlist in her cause at once. Good-by!"

She was gone and Ned sat in silence for some time.

"I'll see for myself," he concluded. "If I can get into the Iliff home by hook or crook, I'll do it. But first I will throw up this job, for I won't serve two scoundrels like Barrow & Batch."

The strange visitor had not gone very long when Basil Batch returned. There was a dark scowl on his face.

"So you're holding down the job," said he, dropping into a chair at his desk.

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, rising. "I guess I won't stay. I prefer more out-of-door work."

The man turned upon him with a fiendish leer.

"Then get out!" he roared, almost frothing in his rage. "We don't want you, anyway."

Glad to get away from the place so easily, Ned made haste to leave, and in a little while was down on the street. His engagement hadn't lasted very long, and he was happy that he was out of the snares of the firm.

When night came he stopped at a fruit stand and purchased a basket and a dozen luscious peaches, each of which he carefully wrapped in tissue paper. Then, with the basket on his arm, he took a car and rode uptown. When near the home of Hector Iliff he alighted and approached the house. It was not a very fine mansion for a millionaire, but he had already discovered that all rich people did not live in palaces.

He walked up the steps and rang the bell. In a moment he heard the sound of light footsteps in the hall, and the door swung open, revealing the pretty face of a girl of 19. He at once divined that he was confronting the millionaire's niece.

"Peaches?" said he in his blandest tones, at the same time unwrapping one of the plumpest ones. "I have but a dozen left and you can have them for twenty-five cents."

The girl held the door open and Ned slipped into the hall.

"Uncle is right in here," said she, opening another door. "I want him to see the fruit."

In the middle of the large room sat an old man in an armchair. He looked pale and wan, and there was feebleness depicted on every lineament. As Ned entered he looked up and centered his gaze upon the boy.

"What is it, dear?" he said with a sidelong glance at the silent girl.

She uncovered the fruit and held the basket toward him. His eyes became wistful.

"You don't seem to be a regular vendor," he said, turning suddenly to Ned.

"No, sir; I've just started up in the business."

"I thought so. We'll take all of them," and he threw a silver dollar upon the table. "Never mind the change," he went on.

The girl took the basket and soon came back with it empty and handed it to Ned.

"You can come again when you have something good," she said, with a little smile.

As they reached the hall the bell rang sharply, and Doris Keene turned pale.

"Get in under the stairway, quick!" she exclaimed, pushing the boy toward the designated spot. "You can go out yourself by and by."

Ned soon found himself ensconced under the stairs, but his eagerness got the better of him. The door swung open, and to his astonishment and alarm he saw Basil Batch step into the house.

What! that rascal under the Iliff roof? Then there must be something in the strange woman's story.

Doris greeted the man in words which Ned could not distinctly hear. He saw her conduct him into the room where the old millionaire was seated, and the door was closed. Ned's heart was in his throat and he was dying with eagerness to see more.

"I wonder if I can't see over the transom?" thought he, and quitting his hiding place, he bounded up the steps and found a place from which he could look into the room.

Basil Batch was seated before the old man and was making strange passes with his thin hands before his eyes. Hector Iliff was mesmerized and completely in his power.

"The villain!" exclaimed Ned, as a thrill shot thru every fiber of his being. "I have something to do now, and I'm going to make it my lifework to thwart those two rascals."

Presently old Iliff rose from his chair and crossed the room; the girl Doris was already gone. Ned saw the old man stoop before a safe, the steel door of which was open. Reaching in his hand, he took out a roll of bills with which he went back to Basil Batch.

The eyes of his one-time employer snapped wolfishly. The boy spy saw the millionaire, saw the bills placed in Batch's hand and hastily transferred to an inner pocket. It was plain robbery and more than confirmed the woman's accusation.

Gradually the old man came out of his trance and Mr. Batch was all smiles. When he rose to depart, Ned hugged the stair and saw him leave the house.

At that moment he heard a slight noise above him, and upon looking up he was transfixed with terror to behold riveted upon him a single eye that seemed to pierce him like an arrow.

"Don't stir!" said the owner of the eye, as he glided toward him like a leopard. "There's some dark work going on in this house. What did you see?"

Ned stammeringly gave an account of the astonishing performance in the parlor.

"I thought so!" cried Old Condor. "The Great Alaska Diamond Company is at work. If the rascals win out they'll blight two lives, the old man's and the girl's."

"It looks that way."

"Now, let yourself out," the old man went on. "I think I can depend on you for the future; but keep out of the firm's clutches, for if they get onto you your life won't be worth an empty rat-trap."

With one more look at the one-eyed man Ned bounded down the stair and was gone. Out in the lighted avenue he saw nothing of Basil Batch. The man was gone with the proceeds of his nefarious night's work.

"What did you get?" asked Barrow, looking up as his companion entered the little office on Broadway, a short time later. In reply Basil Batch threw the money on the desk.

"Two thousand odd!" he cried, counting the bills. "You were not watched?"

"No, sir."

"Good!"

Barrow reached over the desk and handed his friend a little scarfpin in which was set a brilliant diamond.

"Where did you get this?" demanded Basil Batch.

"Found it on the floor here."

"It's a woman's pin."

"Yes, and I know whose. Where's the boy we hired?"

"He's thrown up his job."

"Well, I didn't like him from the first," commented Barrow. "I know that the Countess has been here. We must take care of that cool-headed woman, and if she's hired the boy——"

"Oh, I don't think she has done that," put in Basil Batch. "If she has we must silence the youngster as well."

Barrow lit a cigar and took one-half of the money.

"When will you complete the job?" he suddenly asked, looking at his partner.

"Within a week. The girl will soon be mine, for I have the old man's consent——"

"And then we handle the million, eh?"

"To be sure we will," chuckled Basil Batch. "Things are going swimmingly. But I say look out for the Countess and also for the boy. He's a keen one, I tell you, Boris."

"But not too keen for old heads like us," laughed Barrow, as he went over to a window and with a demoniac leer in his eyes looked down upon the busy street far below.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE TRAP.

DURING the next three days Ned made a startling discovery. The office of the Great Alaska Diamond Company was

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Each active agent for our papers is appointed a Lone Scout by Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts of America, who sends badge and Certificate of Membership and the booklet of instructions in this great organization. It is easy to get started, but each one should hurry, for the agencies are being grabbed up quickly by boys. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit. We tell you how to get the customers and how to make out your reports.

W. D. BOYCE CO., 512 NORTH DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I accept the agency for your 4 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. I will be pleased to receive my Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts and badge and booklet of instructions from Chief Totem FREE. Also tell me how to get the valuable premiums.

Name ..............................
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empty. Its occupants were gone, he knew not whither. A new firm was in the nest, and there was no information to give out. To the boy's mind something had happened. Had the two rascals discovered that the Countess was on their trail, or had they found out that Old Condor, the one-eyed enemy, was abroad?

As we have seen, Ned was sure that they had laid a deep plot, not only to plunder Hector Iliff, but to blight the future of his niece, Doris Keene, by marrying her to Basil Batch, and that was enough to send his blood coursing hot thru his veins.

"They've not left the city," he said to himself, in the quiet of his humble lodgings, "for they are not of that stripe to run off and leave the golden egg behind. They have just changed their quarters, that is all, and I'm going to find out where they are."

He first thought of going to the address which the woman had given him, but upon second thought he changed his mind, for he might lead his former employers to the house and get the Countess into trouble.

Sauntering past a "movie" the following night, he stopped suddenly, for he saw a woman robed in black at the ticket window, and a thrill shot thru him when he perceived that it was the Countess herself. When she disappeared in the show he entered himself and took a seat where he could overlook the audience without being noticed.

The film itself did not interest him very much, for he had eyes for other things. It was not long before he felt that some one was watching him, and upon turning his head slightly, he saw Boris Barrow regarding the woman with vengeful eyes. Every now and then the big man would feast his serpent-like eyes upon Ned, as well, and a creepy feeling took possession of the young spy.

Presently the woman left, but Barrow remained. Ned did not take kindly to the espionage, for it meant danger, and at last when the watchful orbs were turned from him he arose and slipped out.

Scarcely had he reached the street when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder.

"So you wouldn't stay with us?" said a voice which sank like a plummet into the depths of Ned's soul. "You've got other employment, hey?"

Ned's indignation boiled at the words.

"What is that to you?" he demanded, drawing back as far as the hand would let him. "I guess I am my own master——"

"We'll see about that," was the harsh interruption. "You are going with me, and it behooves you to keep a still tongue in your young pate."

In vain did our young adventurer look around for a policeman, but, as usual, none was in sight. He was in the grip of the very man whom he would avoid.

In less than a minute Boris Barrow had hailed a jitney, and Ned was tumbled into it without the slightest ceremony. As he fell back the same merciless hand gripped his wrist, and he heard the man gave certain directions.

When the jitney stopped Ned looked out upon a row of not very stylish houses, and he was hustled out of the vehicle and into one of them.

"Sit down there!" commanded Barrow, as he threw his prisoner into a chair and stepped back and surveyed him with his malignant eyes. "I thought you'd be at my heels, and so I took advantage of the circumstances. You see I've got you. Now!"

Ned did not speak.

"Why did you quit us?"

"I didn't like being cooped up in an office," was the reply.

"But you sought the job?"

"I know I did, but——"

"The woman got you, that's why you wouldn't stay," grinned the man.

"What woman?"

"Never mind," was the retort. "She came in after we went out, for she left something that identified her. I guess we'll make a bird-in-the-cage of you."

Ned tried to rise, but was cruelly forced back into the chair.

"Not yet, my sparrow!" cried Barrow. "When we're done with you we'll open the door, and not a moment before."

With this he was jerked from the chair and whisked from the room and down a darkened hall, at the end of which was a door which the man kicked open. A flight of narrow steps was disclosed, and Ned was guided down the rickety affair into a place which was as dark as the caves of Egypt.

"You'll have time to reflect there," said a voice in the gloom, and the next instant the boy heard the sound of a bolt. Then he was left amid the gloom and silence.

Filled with a determination to get out, he made the rounds of his prison, and stumbled upon a rude pallet upon which he cast himself with a groan. He had fallen into a trap, and one that made his brain whirl.

What would be the outcome of this adventure he could not conceive. He might be left to perish where he was, for he knew that the two villains were without mercy and would go to any end that would bring them victory. And while he was dying in the dark trap they would carry out their infamous plot against Hector Iliff and his pretty niece, and finally make off with the million.

He could not sleep, for his mind was busy, and time and again he arose and tried to find a loophole of freedom, but in vain.

Now and then he could hear a strange noise, which, after listening a while, he concluded was the river; it could not be far off. It was a monotonous and awe-inspiring sound to him and again his faint heart sank to immeasurable depths in his bosom.

At last, when nature had exhausted herself, he fell asleep and did not awake for some time. Once more he heard the swish of the unseen tide, and it made him more fearful than ever.

"I must get out," he said to himself, as he tried to pull himself together. "I am not going to die here and let the greatest villains in the world gloat over their easy triumph. There is too much at stake!" and again he made the rounds of his prison with wildly beating heart.

He thought of a thousand things. If he could force the door at the head of the steps freedom would be assured. But could he do it?

To find the dark stair was no trick, but the door was as solid as a portal of iron. It would not yield an inch. In vain he tugged and tugged at it with all his strength, sweat coming out on his forehead and his nails breaking in his wild efforts.

At length he fell back exhausted. He could do nothing with the door.

Suddenly a sound reached his ears from overhead, then a light almost blinded him, and he saw a face which he long remembered. It was a woman's face, distorted and hideous, without a trace of former beauty, and upon it was a grin of the most malicious nature.

"How does the bird like his cage?" came down to Ned's ears.

"Not very well, you may be sure," replied the boy. "You have no right to keep me here."

"That's pretty talk," was the laughing answer. "I guess Master Boris knew

## Mother-Made, Quick Acting Cough Syrup

**Should be Kept Handy in Every Home—Easily Prepared and Costs Little.**

Mothers, you'll never know what you are missing until you make up this inexpensive, quick-acting cough syrup and try it. Children love its pleasant taste and nothing else will loosen a cough or chest cold and heal the inflamed or swollen throat membranes with such ease and promptness. It's equally as good for grown-ups as for children.

This splendid cough syrup is made by pouring 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), into a pint bottle and filling the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you a full pint—a family supply—of much better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for $2.50—a clear saving of $2.

The moment it touches the inflamed, cold-congested membranes that line the throat and air passages, the healing begins, the phlegm loosens, soreness leaves, cough spasms lessen and soon disappear altogether, thus ending a cough quicker than you ever thought possible. Hoarseness and ordinary coughs are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Excellent for bronchitis, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiacol and is famous the world over for its quick healing effect on the membranes.

Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., 204 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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A conservative estimate shows that nearly ten million dollars a year—in this country alone—is practically wasted on worthless rupture appliances—all because people trust to a mere try-on instead of making a thorough test.

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So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days' trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

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# 136,579 LONE SCOUTS

Lone Scout Indian

MEMBERSHIP BADGE

FIRST DEGREE BADGE

SECOND DEGREE BADGE

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MERIT MEDAL

## In 56 Weeks, 136,579 Boys have taken the following pledge as members of Lone Scouts of America:

**"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the nation for which it stands, with liberty and justice for all. I will 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day' and be worthy of the name, Lone Scout."**

The Lone Scouts of America was incorporated in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1915. At the first meeting of the incorporators, by-laws were adopted and W. D. Boyce was elected **Chief Totem** of the organization.

The first Lone Scout took the pledge on October 25, 1915. There are now Lone Scouts in every State in the United States, every Province in Canada, in Alaska, Panama Canal Zone, Republic of Panama, Porto Rico, Cuba, Hawaiian Islands Philippine Islands and other parts of the world.

① The Lone Scouts of America is for all wide-awake, ambitious boys everywhere. It is not a military organization. It is not a money-making proposition. There are no membership fees or dues to pay. There is no expensive equipment for boys or their parents to buy. The organization is supported by the sale of its weekly magazine, "Lone Scout," in which instructions are given to the Scouts. "Lone Scout" is sold by news agents for 3 cents a copy. Subscription rates, 25 cents four months, 75 cents a year.

② The motto of the Lone Scouts of America is: "Do a Useful Thing Each Day." Every boy who lives up to the Lone Scout motto is going to be a successful man. The purpose of the Lone Scouts of America is to give the boys all the advantages of the Boy Scout movement (which was started in the United States by W. D. Boyce, Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts), while permitting them to work alone if it is not convenient for them to belong to Tribes. Wood-craft and scouting are only a part of the instructions in the Lone Scouts of America.

③ The Lone Scout pledge is so worded as to make the organization world-wide, not excluding any boy living under some other flag than the United States flag. The Lone Scout must be in the best of health and physical condition all the time. He cannot be a real Scout and take any drink containing alcohol, or smoke cigarettes.

④ Any boy who can understand the pledge is eligible to membership. As a member progresses in his Scout work he is awarded Degrees, with appropriate Badges, and these Degrees make up Lodges. The First Degree is Lone Scout, the emblem of which is a bronze badge bearing the figure of the Lone Scout Indian; Second is, the Woodcraft Degree, the emblem of which is a bronze badge showing the Crossed Logs of the Council Fire; Third Degree is Lone Eagle and the eagle is shown on the silver badge of this Degree, the last of the Tepee Lodge. Next comes the Totem Pole Lodge, in which every member is entitled to put up a Lone Scout Totem Pole, upon which is a record of his achievements for many Degrees.

⑤ In applying for Membership, fill out the Application Blank given below, and send it with 2-cent stamp.

**W. D. BOYCE, Chief Totem,**

**500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.**

CUT OUT HERE

**APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP** D

CHIEF TOTEM, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Date..................................................1916.

I am ready, with consent of my parents or guardian, to take the Lone Scout Pledge, which I have read. Herewith find 2 cents in stamps to pay for mailing Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts of America, First Degree Instructions and Tribe Booklet.

Name.................................................... Age...............

Town.................................................... State...............

St. No., P. O., or R. F. D.......................................................

what he was doing when he fetched you to this place."

"Of course he did, the villain!" responded Ned. "Some day I will get even with the two wolves."

"But that day is a long way off. Are you hungry?"

"No."

"Well, good night."

The light vanished, the face went with it, and darkness once more enshrouded the boy.

After a while he went over to the low bedstead, and by main strength propped it against the wall. Then he mounted it and found that he could reach the old trapdoor. Summoning all his strength, he tugged at it, and finally moved it a trifle. Another courageous effort, and it moved a little more, and Ned looked into a room almost bare of furniture.

"The rat must get away from the cat," he thought, "and I am the rat. I must escape from this grave, and no one shall keep me in it!"

Pushing the trapdoor up a little more, he managed to get his body thru, and he took a long breath when he stood in the room with no one in sight. It was day outside, as he could see by the streaks of light that made their way into the place, and he could hear the hum of the street.

As he moved toward the door, it was flung open, and the woman whose face he had seen in the square hole appeared on the threshold. She was an Amazon in build, and her eyes had the glare of a tigress. She recoiled at sight of the boy and for a moment seemed to lose her equilibrium.

"Go back to your cage!" she almost shrieked. "Get back to where you came from!"

"I won't!" defied the boy. "I am going out of this demon's nest."

In another second there was a spring and a cry from the Amazon, and before Ned could lift a hand he was grasped and dragged to the trapdoor.

"Down you go, my bluebird," was hissed into his ears, and in another second he was hurled downward with fiendish force and landed once more upon the floor of his prison.

This thrilling story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you [illegible] not already a subscriber for this [illegible], it will repay you to send in a [illegible] subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

### The Soldier's Mistake.

An English soldier, a member of the 2d South Staffordshire Regiment, says that one bitterly cold night in the early spring trenches. His mates came out of the [illegible] in a barn, where they were packed in very close. [illegible] with cold, we were soon asleep," said the soldier, in telling the incident. "I was awakened in the night by one of our chaps trying to put his boots on. After he had been trying for a minute or two I heard the fellow next him say:

" 'What the —— are you doing?'

" 'Putting my boots on,' was the reply.

" 'Well, that's my foot, you fool!' "

* * *

## Uric Acid Poisoning!

The most eminent physicians recognize that uric acid stored up in the system is the cause of rheumatism, that this uric acid poison is present in the joints, muscles, or nerves. By experimenting and analysis at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Pierce discovered a combination of native remedies that he called Anuric—which drives out the uric acid from the system, and in this way the pain, swelling and inflammation subside. If you are a sufferer from rheumatism, backache, pains here or there, you can obtain Anuric at any drug store and get relief from the pains and ills brought about by uric acid.

Swollen hands, ankles, feet are due to a dropsical condition, often caused by disordered kidneys. Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous uric acid, which settles in the tissues of the feet, ankles, wrists or back as uratic salts; or under the eyes in bag-like formations.

It is just as necessary to keep the kidneys acting properly as to keep the bowels active to rid the body of poisons.

The very best possible way to take care of yourself is to take a glass of hot water before meals and an Anuric tablet. In this way it is readily dissolved with the food, picked up by the blood and finally reaches the kidneys, where it has a cleansing and tonic effect.

Step into the drug store and ask for a 50-cent package of Anuric, or send Dr. Pierce 10c. for trial pckg. Anuric—many times more potent than lithia, eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar. A short trial will convince you. •••

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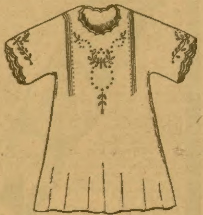

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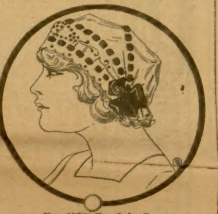
**NO. 5070, CHILD'S DRESS**—Beautifully designed and stamped on 1½ yards of white lawn or nainsook. We include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering design. Sent with one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger for $1.50.



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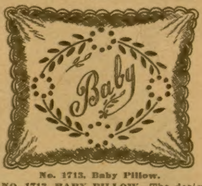

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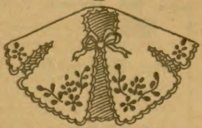

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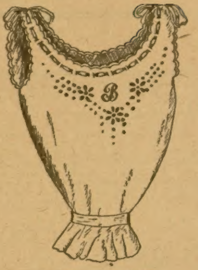
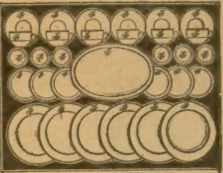


No. 4048, Corset Cover.

**NO. 4048, CORSET COVER**—This modish corset cover is stamped on a fine quality of white nainsook, and we include three skeins of cotton floss for working the design. This will be sent for a year's subscription, new or renewal, at $1.00 to the Blade or the Ledger.



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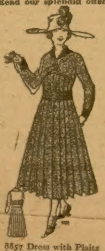
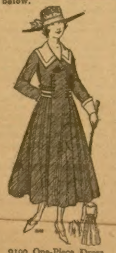
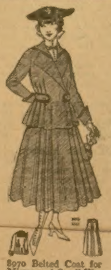
We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



8857 Dress with Plaits for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

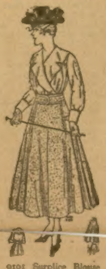


9190 One-Piece Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



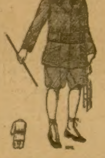
8970 Belted Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

9081 Four-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

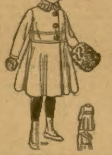


9191 Surplice Blouse with Cape Collar, 34 to 42 bust.

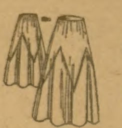
9198 Two-Piece Skirt with or without Pockets, 24 to 34 waist.



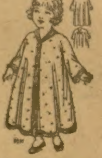
9202 Boy's Suit, 8 to 14 years.



9189 Child's Coat, 4 to 10 years.



9203 Two-Piece Skirt, 24 to 30 waist.



9197 Child's Kimono, 2 to 6 years.

### HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

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If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) Coupons good for six months.

# The Fairy Corner

### WAITING FOR DINNER.

"O' course they're cookin' turkey
With stuffin', like they said;
An' yesterday 'twuz cake an' pie
An' raisins-in-it bread.
I wisht they'd fix th' gravy,
'Cause always when they do
A feller kin begin t' think
They're gittin' prit' near thru.

"They're fixin' up th' table
Seems like a awful lot;
I'd eat my dinner off it bare
An' like it well as not.
They're makin' 'tater salud—
I seen when they begun,
But that's so long it looks as if
They'll never get it done.

"I guess I'll eat a drumstick,
An' lots o' pie an' cake,
An' lots o' cranberries, an' then
I don't know whut I'll take.
But, gee! it's awful waitin'
T' hear the dinner bell.
Doggone it all, I wisht that I
Knew how to chew a smell!"

❧

## SMART STRUTTY.

Once upon a time in Barnyard village lived a great many turkeys. There were mamma turkeys and daddy turkeys and little baby turkeys, all eating around the same ground table and drinking at the same tin pan fountain.

Now, among these many turkeys was one Strutty Gobbler. He was so proud that he would scarcely look at the other turkeys and chickens and ducks with whom he came into contact. He just strutted and gobbled, and gobbled and strutted, up and down, up and down, as close to the fence of the barnyard as possible, so that his feathers and his gobble and his strut could be admired by those earth folk who came to feed the folk of Barnyard village every day.

"Come away from that fence, Strutty," said his mother, a very old and sensible turkey hen, one day. "It's never a good thing to make one's self too conspicuous. Don't you want to live to a ripe old age?"

"Why, of course, I do, mother," laughed Strutty. "Of course I do, and I will, too. Look at me, so big and strong and hearty! Why shouldn't I live to a ripe old age?"

"My dear son," said his mother. "I have lived longer than you have. I best know the world. If you want to live long and happily in Barnyard village you must not try to be seen too much. It's a bad habit—this wanting admiration. A bad habit, indeed! If you must try to show off, then do it quietly here among your own friends, but don't show off to those bigger and higher up in the world than you are."

"Nonsense!" answered Strutty. "These common, ordinary hens don't appreciate me! But I can see by the look in the eyes of those fine men and women and children outside the fence that they think I'm a wonderful fellow. And the bigger and fatter and healthier I look the more they seem to admire me. The more I gobble and strut the more they smile. So I eat corn and lie in the sun and sleep, and try to keep as handsome as I can. Then I strut and gobble when I see them coming. Then they smile and look at me and look at each other and say, 'What a fine bird! What a fine bird!'"

So, no matter how much his mother pleaded, and his aunts and uncles talked, Strutty made it a point to show off whenever the folk from the farmhouses close at hand came around. At last the summer was gone. Autumn came on with its falling leaves and whispering breezes, each of which felt sorry for poor Strutty, and tried to whisper:

"Be careful, Strutty. Keep in the background."

At last one fine day a few small snowflakes went skipping thru the air.

"Be careful, Strutty," they whispered. "Thanksgiving day is close at hand."

"And why should I be careful because Thanksgiving day is coming?" asked Strutty.

"Because it's a day the great folk may want you, Strutty, and you will be shorn of your feathers and your strut," answered all of Mother Nature's children, and his own mother and father and uncles and aunts and cousins.

"Nonsense!" answered Strutty, who by this time was so proud of his fine looks, and the admiration he had received from the house folk, that there was no room in his little body for good common sense. "They may want me for their feast—to sit at the head of their table, but they would never, never deprive me of my feathers and my strut. They think I am too fine a bird for that!"

* * * * * * *

Alas for poor Strutty! Thanksgiving day dawned on the barnyard much as other days had dawned. But there was no proud turkey gobbler there to gobble forth his welcome. There sat his poor thin father and mother and sisters and brothers who had grown thin worrying over him, while scattered around Barnyard village were the feathers of Strutty's dress, and the stilts of Strutty's strut!

As for Strutty himself!

In a long dining-room of a sunny farmhouse were gathered a large family. At the head of the table sat father. On either side children and little grandchildren. And there on the table, the most conspicuous figure of all, was Strutty—upside down, minus his feathers and his gobble! He was fat and bulging with indigestible filling. But as the knife plunged into his breastbone there was no proud gobble nor flash of eye. Strutty had laid all that beside the hatchet on the block in the barnyard, where he had learned that "All is not gold that glitters," and that "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

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### ONE KIND OF PET.

If any one of you happen to meet a frog with five legs and a friendly croak, be kind to him and take care of him and don't eat him for dinner. He may be a relative of Conrad Anderson's pet frog and therefore highly intelligent. He might, possibly, be Conrad's frog itself.

The boy lives in Sacramento, Cal. The frog appeared near his house some time ago, and Conrad was drawn to him not only because of the beast's general appearance (it is a handsome frog), but because from the shoulder there grew a fifth leg that made this frog different from others. Conrad took his find into the back yard, and it was not long before froggie was quite tame and ate all the flies that people were willing to catch for him. He ate other things, too, but flies especially.

They do not have cold weather in Sacramento, and so a frog doesn't need to go to sleep in the mud as they do hereabouts when frost comes along. But the five-legged frog disappeared and was gone five months. Nobody knows where he went to, because he has not told any one, and maybe he was not sleeping all the time. Maybe he went to see the world. If he did do that he got tired of sight-seeing. He was found one morning on the front porch, waiting for some one to open the door, and he seemed quite as glad to be back after five months' absence as Conrad and the rest of the family were to see him again.

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### MARK TWAIN'S HEARTY MEAL.

"When I was a little girl I had the honor of being introduced to Mark Twain. It was just before Thanksgiving and I very proudly told him that I was going to spend the holiday with my aunt in New York.

"'Really?' he drawled, with the most flattering show of interest. 'Well, I hope you will feel, after dinner, just as I did when I went there to a banquet a few months ago.'

"Of course I instantly demanded to know, 'How was that?'

"'Very thankful,' answered Mr. Clemens, with preternautral solemnity. 'Very, very thankful, because I still had one article of apparel that wasn't too tight a fit for comfort.'

"'Oh, I know,' I guessed eagerly; 'your shoes!' But the humorist shook his head.

"'No, no,' he corrected, with gentle sadness; 'my umbrella!'"

❧

### UNCLE SAM'S ISLANDS.

It will probably surprise you to learn that the United States flag flies over 8,000 islands. According to a report received by the National Geographic Society, their population totals 10,000,000. Four hundred millions of dollars of American capital is invested in these islands, and each year they send to the United States products to the value of $100,000,000. Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Alaskan islands have shown startling development since coming under the Stars and Stripes. Fifteen years ago there was but one schoolhouse in Porto Rico. Today nearly 200,000 boys and girls are attending school there. Three hundred and sixty-five thousand tons of sugar are now produced annually, as against 65,000 under the Spanish regime. Hawaii has shown a similar prosperity.

❧

### DRESS OF THE PURITANS.

Mr. Dan Beard says we make a great mistake when we think of the old Puritan as a sad and sedate-looking person, dressed in black. He reminds us that the only difference between the Puritan's dress and that of the Cavalier was the omission of lace collars and gold trimmings by the New Englander. So we may think of our forefathers on that historic "first Thanksgiving" as having been clothed in scarlet, buff, brown and green. Their guests, the Indians, wore feathers and paint and buckskin ornaments trimmed in colored porcupine quills. Take it all in all, the party must have been elegant, and, as Mr. Beard says, "an animated and picturesque scene!"

### A DUCK STORY.

The Chinese are often compelled to make their dwellings in large boats on the rivers. An officer in the navy says he observed one of these men, who kept ducks for a living, practice an odd piece of ingenuity. In the daytime the ducks were permitted to float about, but in the nighttime they were carefully collected. The keeper when the night set in gave a whistle, when the ducks always flew toward him with violent speed, so that they were invariably gathered in a minute. How do you suppose he had educated his flock so effectually? He always beat the last duck.

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